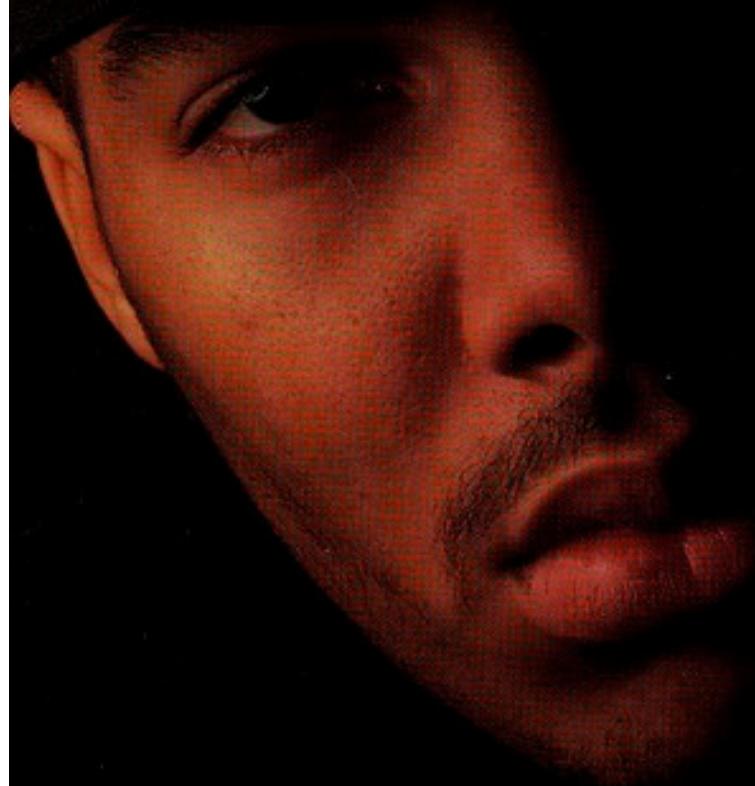




PAPERS
PAPERS



THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

› Scarface Groove

[Paris]

Hail to the man with the righteous groove
So sick that it makes you move
Closer to the speaker, never weaker
Lines on time and I rhyme Malika
Lot of knowledge on the microphone when I speak
Rabbit MC's I love to eat
Shockin with the rhyme, gettin sicker with time
I'm comin way too real and I'm blowin your mind
I'm tearin sh*t up, I won't let up, you need to get up
And out and on the floor, cause I'm fed up
With rhymes and words that's weak that's wack, absurd
Pollutin the airwaves, too often heard
I come through with the rhymes, so true blue with the rhymes
I eat you with the rhymes, and on and on and in time I'm
Movin with the smooth the groove that some consider dangerous
And you're playin this, I ain't new to this

{*scratching*}

[Paris]

Yeah... it's a Scarface Groove

Paris is the name and I'm here to get sick
I mean I'm stronger than a tiger and I'm down with the click
While makin sure my song is deffer with an 808 kick
And now you know it, I'm a poet, and I'm harder than a brick
I makin over 3 G's a day, and you say
That Mad's cuttin like a blade over sucker DJ
Start shinin all the time that I'mma standin on stage
It's a Scarface mob and we're sicker than AIDS
What I wrote, is no joke, there's no hope
It's too dope, you're gettin broke by a cutthroat
While bein killed is the price you're billed
There's no time to rhyme and no time to build
Steadily the melody plays, and steadily ba**
Is in the place, is in your face, with grace
Sensation and finishin the suckers with my sentencin
You get excited as the rhyme begins, you're goin

{*scratching*}

[Paris]

Smooth... with the Scarface Groove

This the Scarface Groove

Yeah, it's the Scarface Groove, y'all

Startin to sweat, I know it's hard to breathe

Rhymes are on time so you better believe

The style, sick of the style, cause the style is wild

I couldn't never be mild, and now I'll begin

To advance in a b-boy stance

The underground sound makes you clap your hands

It's the B-A-Y, do or die

Born to freestyle, born to rise

And now I'll keep on rockin the beat on

No one comin up short capiche on the mic

You're scared, runnin from the man you fear

P-Dog is sick boy, you better beware

The man X-Rated, rated X the man

Is comin through with the jams that keep you clappin your hands

While I'm movin nonstop and the party is smooth

One hundred below ice cold, it's a Scarface Groove

Yeah, it's a Scarface Groove

It's a Scarface Groove, y'all

Y'knahmsayin? It's a Scarface Groove

{*scratched: "I'll play the 9 and you play the target"*)}

[Paris]

Debutin I'll do it for sure by comin through

And never stoppin hip-hop, I just drop, MC's are ruined

Now I'm teachin when I'm talkin so that you'll get taught

Makin sense so intense is the record you bought

I'm stronger, strokin 'em longer

Stickin them, dope MC's go under

Keepin 'em down with the Scarface sound

Swimmin 9 millimeter laps, MC'sll drown

Keep talkin that bullsh*t, you might get housed

Smacked in your mouth, P's turnin it out

Money stackin and mackin is what I'm talkin about

I'm never playin, or bulllllsh*tin

The rhyme'll go colder than ice, but get hotter than coals

Big soul on a roll and only 20 years old
Keep it goin non-stop and the party is sore
And I'm movin, smooth again, Scarface is on

Yeah, Scarface is on
Scarface is on
Yeah, Scarface is on

› This is a Test

[Verse 1]

Too many sounds irritate my earholes
Like Planet Rock beats from L.A. hoes
The same old thing, same old sh*t I'm tired
Was once on the payroll about to be fired
Black radio shame, pop rap's to blame
Program your playlist to sound the same
With a disco tempo, cliche intro
Wack rap tracks for commercial shows
Mindless music for the ma**es has to take
Time away from the real rap master
So I'll stay cool for community airplay
While ratings slip for the sh*t that you play
This is a test a lesson to be observed
No wack rhymes are heard I keep on raising the curve
Back and forth I never stick I'm soft I just run it
Punks'll shun it, gangs keeping girlies on it
Paris is the dog, much doper than morphine
Sick with the style so you can say you've seen
The radical magical man, master of master plan
So smooth from beginning to end
This is a test, back it up when I'm in the place
And all hail to the dog with the righteous ba**
The boss I come across rough on your radio wave
Terror on two-track whenever I'm played
Punks keep stepping that's the reason why I
Come through sicker than a L.A. drive-by
By dropping bombs in songs y'all keep singing along
So smooth it couldn't never go wrong
This is a test

[Verse 2]

Yo dig

When you buy a rap record do you buy it for dance moves
Or do you buy rap cause the lyrics are smooth
Cause if you wanna dance you should stick with the other one
And leave the dog alone till the dancing is done
But then when you're ready for the brother who leads
And feeds all rap lovers with rhymes like these
I dish a little taste of the ba** of Scarface
And pace the rhyme space to chase the weak-kneed

Cause I don't play -- Well my name ain't [Cool J]
Or A-T-C, or N.W.A
I'm Paris, the Asiatic lord of light
With the power to fight and write rhymes to stay
Cause I'm hotter than lava when I be up on a microphone
By now you should know it the poet's doper than most
By dispensing of ignorance and by keeping the wack down
You enter to the realm of the Scarface sound
This is a test

› Panther Power

[Intro]

"So the concept is this, basically
The whole black nation has to be put together as a BLACK ARMY
And we gon' walk on this nation, we gon' walk on this racist
Power structure, and we gon' say to the whole damn government -
STICK 'EM UP MOTHERF**KER! THIS IS A HOLD UP!
We come for what's ours."

[Verse 1]

Yo black it's time to set stage and guidelines
Ten point program, freeze the genocide
Round the posse to protect the people and
Regulate and keep straight the man
Clear the way for P-Dog the militant
Made to steer and care for the indigent
Power to the people is a serious concept
Panthers prowl when I say to step
Pigs today'll end up like prey
Like Hutton I'm never lettin 'em get in my way (word)
"Soul on Ice," what I won't be played like
Pigs and house nigs are set in my sight
C*ck the gat, for P the pro-black
On to harm and alarmed at the format
News goin' out to a racist cop
The first motherf**ker steps up, gets shot
This is Panther Power

[Scratches]

"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

[Verse 2]

Now hear the growl, I'm proud to be black
Built to step up and not to step back
Too full grown to allow a gay move

Step to the dog and I show and prove
Ten point program jams that flow and
Pigs end belly up, stopped in motion
Who's more brutal than a panther unleashed?
Paris, made to keep the peace
Some duck style when I come inside
Bougies'll pray I get played and fried
But I'm too smart to start with the cold feet
No-Doz shows, the P don't sleep
Comin to the place all in your cave when
Panther Power protects the citizen
Come on, step for the movement
DJ Mad, hit 'em with that Panther Power
[Scratches]
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

[Interlude]

[Verse 3]
Now, who that thought they could stop
The crown chief leader of the movement, watch
When I say build, I mean come correct black
Cause I see straight and I don't play tag
Step to this and end up like Axl
Devils all and P-Dog attacks ya
Panther Power keeps punks from runnin up
Play the front and you might get stomped
Witness this, the original man
Made of earth, cream of the motherland
Black and strong and not down to half-step
Piece is kept, police are ripped
P don't plea, it's a new direction
Strength and unity, peace, protection
One for Huey and the movement won't die
And the strong survive, the Panther Power

[Scratches]

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power on the hour"

"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

{*police radio, mixed with sounds of a panther growling*}

[Outro]

"Revolution has come! Off the pigs!"

"Time to pick up the gun! Off the pigs!"

› Break the Grip of Shame

[Verse 1]

Enter into a new realm, a new dimension
Pay close attention
And witness knowledge born on the microphone
For the people that I call my own
Remember back when good rap was just a cool dance hit
Even though it wasn't saying (sh*t)
Well them days is gone I don't play that
Pick the punk and I'll say like wack
Stick with the sick style for the serious
Hip-Hop lovers can't get enough of this
Black tracks on wax are so smooth
You can't get help but the thought to move
This is a call and a plea for unity
Black is back uplift and be free
Keep pushin, our movement moves on.. so strong, now

[Verse 2]

With a raised fist I resist
I don't burn, so don't you dare riff
Or step to me, I'm strong and black and proud
And for the (bullsh*t) I ain't down
Life in the city's already rough enough
Without some young sucka runnin up
You don't know me, so don't step
I roll to the right and then bust your lip
Paris is my name, I don't sleep
I drop science, and keep the peace
Here to bust this for better justice
Another dope Scarface release
This is a serious style for the gifted
Pro-black radical rap's uplifting
Still growing, the power's so strong
You can't stop it, now

[Interlude]

"We declare our right on this earth to be a man, to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary."

[Verse 3]

Alright, let's start some mo' (sh*t)
Straight up on the movement tip
With forces strong as Allah's my third eye
Black is back and P-Dog'll never die
Who said that you can't do this
Can't be wise or be for the movement
Games I won't have so don't you play none
You'll see why when I'm gone
Skinheads end up dead cause I don't play
Brothers swarm under the form of Scarface
Round up, roll out, we'll roll em up like Rolo's
I stomp sixteen solo
Straight for the jugular, hope that I don't
Swarm and bust a cap by night so
You just keep your place cause I won't stop
I'll keep pushin that movement rock when I

› Warning

[Verse 1]

Yo, a sissy cop in the hood

Shakin a brother down, thinkin he ain't no good

"What's your name, what you standin here for?

Thought I told ya not to come around no more"

Man I wasn't doin' nothin', why ya f**kin wit me?

Shut up punk don't question authority!

Up against the wall, hands in the air

Just wants the punk to fear

Right about then mo' suckas came around

Put the young brother into the ground

Hollerin talkin that ignorant bullsh*t

Grabbin his arm, tryin to break his wrist

A god damn shame and he's only thirteen

Five to one is a pu**y's dream

But yo man I ain't goin out like that

Young G to the house and get the gat

Then BOOM BOOM BOOM now sh*t is equalized

Will when you suckas realize?

Black people simply ain't havin that

We just hit back

› Ebony

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Once again my friend, I try
To help improve another brother's life
By coming through with the righteous groove
Tells right from wrong, makes people move
Not idiot crossover songs
That appeal to all and make you sing along, no
This one is for the chosen few
Who want to build and uplift my people too, so
Listen to the words I speak
Cause the words are truth and truth's what I teach
By talkin' bout the things that I see
When talkin' bout this color called ebony

[Interlude]

It's ebony

[Verse 2]

Not sellin' drugs, I'm above a thug
Killin' off his own, tryin' to make a buck, no
That ain't the way it's done today
Gotta come together, gotta educate
Gotta, uplift, lift up your head
Stand strong and proud, don't end up dead
Take time to make that move
Be sure to be straight and you'll improve
Live long, be strong, and you'll see
That better is a life lived long and carefree
Just stay on a righteous path
You'll see the truth and won't have to ask why
I don't make the rhymes that say
How ignorant brothers act nowaday
I just talk about the things that I see
When talkin' 'bout this color called ebony

[Interlude]

It's ebony

Now break

Smooth

[Verse 3]

Now I want y'all to listen, see what you're missin'
What lacks in the compet**ion is
Strong words, of pride and unity
I'm glad that y'all in tune to me
I'm here to let y'all know
P-Dog is sick and I'll run the show
By talkin' 'bout the things that I see
When talkin' 'bout this color called ebony

[Interlude]

It's ebony
Smooth

› Brutal

[Verse 1]

Paris is my name, I flows with ease
Cash checks, breaks necks and wrecks MC's
Who ain't down with the sound of the Panther Movement
Intense is a serious answer
The mic goes into labor you freeze up
Enveloped by the style that sounds so ROUGH
Rehearsal weak verses potent as cyanide
A million and a half shot keepin you high
But I don't sell cause what you're sellin is never sold
Or dealed by the REAL mack brothers of old
Naw, I just devise a wise new formula
To keep you in tune without sellin my soul
In 1930, it all began
With a movement comprised of intelligent black men
Led by Allah in the form of Farad
But later by the last true prophet of God
Elijah, Muhammad, a dominant black leader
Of The Lost/Found Asiatic Pack
And later by Malcolm, whose point was straight
Stressing a black nationalistic state
Of self-sufficiency on a mission he
Stressed thrift and pride and good sense
Killed in cold blood but the sh*t ain't done with
Switch to Oaktown, '66
See Huey Newton, and Cleveland Seale
Sons of Malcolm with intent to kill
And end the brutality inflicted on us by cops
Best believe I won't stop
Teachin science in step with Farrakhan
Drop a dope bomb, word to Islam
Keeps my brothers up on it cause I'm black
And now you know, I'm BRUTAL
(explosion)

[Verse 2]

Callin' all brothers to order, P-Dog'll slaughter
Stomp rip and choke those who thought a
Young black man wasn't capable of the intellect
Of gainin' respect, without sellin', so check

I'm Paris, six feet two, deadly as ice
But twice as nice with, the power to fight boy
So listen I'm tellin' y'all, the warnin', the Final Call
We're headin, for Armageddon, it's like that
The government's policy see, is tactical genocide
How many must die chasin a chemical high?
How much killin and murderin mayhem more can we stand
Before we fold, black man, so take a stand
Listen up drug dealer, wha**up with that?
Hope I don't bust a cap, straight in your MOTHERF**KIN a**
For pushin' poison to youth, I'm through with talkin' I'm steppin' up
With gat point blank at your motherf**kin' mug
I'm P-R-O, B-L-A-C-K
Stompin' and crushin' to mush, any lush, in my way
I'm educated and strong, always right and no wrong
With many bullets of a Bensonhurst, come on along
It's like that y'all, and I won't QUIT
Keepin' y'all fresh on the movement tip
With F.O.I. at my side, we're never slippin' or nap
We always come sick with it, bustin' serious caps
There's no, bullsh*t, and yo look, this is the danger zone
You shouldn't have stepped to it, you shouldn't have come alone
You shouldn't have ever thought, the movement was soft
Don't you know P-Dog'll never stop
I'm BRUTAL!

› The Devil Made Me Do It

[Verse 1]

This is a warning, another cut to move on
Another beat that's so strong
Hold on and I get wicked and then some
Stir up sh*t as the wit gets wisdom
P-Dog comin' up, I'm straight loc
Pro-black and it ain't no joke
Comin' straight from the mob that broke sh*t last time
Now I'm back with a brand new sick rhyme
So black check time and tempo
Revolution ain't never been simple
Followin' the path of Mao and Fanon just
Build your brain and we'll soon make progress
Paid your dues, don't snooze or lose
They came with the masterplan that got you
So know who's opposed to the dominant dark skin
Food for thought as a law for the brother man

[Verse 2]

P-Dog with a gift from heaven
Tempo 116.7
Keeps you locked in time with the program
When I get wild I pile on dope jams
Then spit on your flag and government
Cause help the black was a concept never meant
N***a please, foodstamps and free cheese
Can't be the cure for a sick disease
Just the way the devil had planned it
Rape then pillage everyone on the planet
Then give 'em fake gods at odds with Allah
Love thy enemy and all that hoopla
Hear close to the words I wrote
Crack, cocaine are genocide on black folk
Who in their right mind ever coulda missed this?
Damn right when you think seditious
And I move swiftly, you can't get with me
The triple six moved quick but missed me
When I came off involved in conscience
So don't ask why next time I start this

[Verse 3]

Now let's get wild, allow me to freestyle
I build and fill your mind up with know-how
A common sense, a defense the next time

A pig tried to step to this, listen
Never let someone whoop on ya
They don't belong to the set you from
Ya can't be intrigued by the leads a pig lead
Unless you don't give a f**k to be free

Keep stompin' on, I keep stompin'
Att**ude but I ain't from Compton
I can't be f**ked around or muffed around
I can't be held down, check the sound
And keep in tuned on point on target
The revolution won't be thwarted

A setback cause my man it's plain to see
Must end all white supremacy
So let the rhythm roll on when I kick this
Brothers gonna work it out with a quickness
And now you know just why a panther went crazy
The devil made me

Beware the beast man, for he is the
Devil's pawn. He kills for sport, or lust or greed
Yea, he will murder his brother to possess
His brother's land. Shun him, for he is the
Harbinger of death

› The Hate That Hade Made

[Paris]

June 6th in the time of six o'clock

Hot summer night in the city of hard knocks

Two black brothers took a walk in the Southside

Could've been any brother lookin for a dope ride

Seein a white girl wasn't in the plan

But the plan had plans of it's own for a brother man

A bad case of the right place at the right time

Makes you just ask why?

I guess you suppose you know what a n***a do

To a female that was meant for you

Jealous cause your girlfriend screwin a black man

So you bust caps on an innocent bystand

But I guess we all look the same

A God damn shame you don't know my name

Musta just been two blacks so the payback

Fit the ID for someone like me

But you see I don't think like you do

I come much sicker with the retribut'

Rollin twenty-five deep, troop down in a parking lot

Ready movin steady when I bust your spot, huh

You dumb motherf**kers just don't know me

You don't control me, so leave me lonely

Step and be prone to a cap to the dome

I don't quit (gunshot) I'll start tearin up sh*t

This is a Scarface set and no snakes allowed

Keep the pace ready set brothers rollin out

Packin a Mac-10, strapped and capped in

Now who's to blame, for the hate that hate made?

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

As I flow, into the rhyme much smoother
I keep the pace and add ba** for you to
Be able to experience the strength of God
On your tape with a break that I make to part
The weak-kneed hippie MC's and wannabes
From the Dog, so they can't see me
I'm movin' swifter with the gift to lift ya
I don't step light, I don't talk sh*t
You suckers are all in, to try is suicide
I roll with the flow 'cause I'm qualified
To keep the peace and teach y'all to get along
Build my rep and step to the song
From jazz to hip-hop, the Dog'll never stop
Get busy to the melodies that I concoct
When the raps are spit the grits stack like bricks
And you're please to receive P's hip-hop fix

[Interlude]

On the jazz tip
Smoother and smoother
And you don't stop

[Verse 2]

It's a mellow madness in the summer time
Females outside, enjoyin' the sunshine
Kickin' it live with the knob on ten
Good food and mood is the peace my friend
Much brotherhood because it's understood
That everyone in the sun is about the good
Lifestyle, and while some came to shine
Don't matter cause the other brothers know the time
I'm the P, D-O-G and I'm swift
Son of Shabazz, shooter of the gift
To keep y'all steppin' to the beat in real time
Mad on the mix complementin' the rhyme
With oh so smooth cuts flowin' like mercury
Keeps you suckers knowin' that you'll never be servin' me

I don't sleep and I do not sing
I drop math in your path cause I have to bring
You on a jazz tip
[Interlude]
Yeah
So smooth in the summer time
DJ Mad Mike y'all
(scratching)
Smooth

[Verse 3]
Birth is given to the knowledge when I recite
Smooth words that keep y'all hype
Not down with the meaningless babble that some spit
I'm paid to degrade that ignorant sh*t
With the "so proud, so strong" message of the Nation
Can't be dropped or stopped, so don't come
With the intent to present a argument
I don't tolerate it, so don't act dumb
I'ma roll, over those who oppose
The speech when I teach y'all to reach your goal
Be strong and carry on and play the song
And listen to the lyrics and you'll never go wrong
As-salamu alaykum, brothers I'ma take 'em
Straight through the path that I'm makin'
And coexist in bliss peace and righteousness
So smooth on a jazzy tip like this

[Interlude]
Yeah
And you don't stop
Peace

› I Call Him Mad

[Paris]

Rougher than a rusty razor, he'll amaze ya
Mixin dope tricks that stick like Frasier
Cue the wheels of spin then begins to blend
 Scarface in the house again
 Bambi DJ'sll pray when he plays
 Won't hit or skip I might phase
 Suckers still suck and duckin uppercuts
 Strike three MC's are blazed
Born to beat back the blows of feedback
 A sissy strivin still sounds so wack
Can't compare or come close to purity
 Mad's the man, MC's agree
The bully bruisin misusin turnstyles
Keeps the mix on beat for me while
 I spit and cold bust the keynote
Mad's on a roll with the sickest show now

(scratching)

Yeah, smooth

{*"Ya don't stop!" - "C'mon"*)}

{*"Black is back" .. "keep on singin"
"Fight the power!" .. "keep on singin"
"Do the right thing" .. "keep on singin"
"Word to the mother!" .. "keep on singin"*)
{* "Rock.." - scratched repeatedly*)}

{*"Girl I'll house you.." - repeat 4X
"You in my hut now"*)}

{*Mad Mike scratches*}

{*"DJ".."Mad!".. "Huh, what?".. "Tear sh*t up"
"DJ".."Mad!".. "Say what?".. "Cuttin like a blade"
 "DJ".."Mad!".. "So.. so.. so sick"
 "DJ".."Mad!".. "Sicker than AIDS"*)}

{*"Break it on down.." - repeat 3X*)

{*"Hit me!" - scratched repeatedly*}

[Paris]

By now you know Mad's made to mutilate
Crush and devastate, move and educate
Weak wack watered-down welfare DJ's..

.. tryin to get what he plays

Call me Paris, sex check the Rolex

We came to stomp and chomp bones of broke necks

So smooth with the movement rhythm tracks

I'm not worried that you'll be back, just..

Listen.. let him play..

{*Mad Mike scratches*}

Mad!.. sh*t.. yeah.. Mad..

Smooth..

› Escape From Babylon

"I'm saying to you, that you will in a few minutes
Hear, from the man, who is taking the place
Of real black leadership, who will answer the call
For true freedom, justice, and equality in America
Well now, do you understand?"

[Verse 1]

Brethren heed the call of enlightenment
Of truth, Asiatic discipline's frightenin
Some who act dumb embraced by decadence
The weak in the wake of true black militants
Hear the call and all heed the savior
Praise Allah cause in his image he made ya
The cream, Asiatic earth-born man-child
Freedom's comfort for some but meanwhile
Young brothers just don't realize
Cocaine's the plan, the devil derived
Produced and let loose to youth for profit
Fake so-called negroes won't stop it
Witness lies fed straight to the brother man
Hopes are lost to the malevolent gameplan
Annihilation of original citizens
Of this great planet Earth, listen
P-Dog spits the dope words born
Batterram's rollin task force swarm
Pigeons squawk with the talk of a new high
Controlled by the man whose plan is genocide
Intense is a sense of ignorance
When the wack can't get with the pro-black
Program that's designed to enduce thought
Rhymes ya bought keep Panthers taught
Punks stay put, skinheads are flatfoot
Keys are played as I stay on route
Down the path of the righteous chosen
Word is born as the wack stay frozen
Locked in time, mindset is Babylon
P's the martyr while MC's babble on
Letter sixteen is me and some see
I freeze and snuff MC's like pipe dreams
Makin a mark with the start of the movement

Tracks in fact weak wack can't do this
Tooth decay cause the fake been snoozin'
Lead the lost and the cost is you've been
Freed from lies by the wise new messenger

P-A-R-I-S is a blessin' ya
Can't underestimate or recreate
The sounds of Scarface, let the man BREAK!

[Interlude]

"There is no in-between - you are either free or you're a slave
There's no such thing as second-cla** citizenship."
"The only politics in this country that's relevant to black people
Today is the politics of revolution. None other."

[Verse 2]

Which brings us to the next move
It's a simple case of show and tell or rather show and prove
Of made up gang moves and foolish fairy tales
Said by sissies, to snatch the record sales
So when you see me just say I told ya
My rhymes'll hold ya and mold ya to soldiers
And train your brains with the pride and the insight
To do what's right, yo black, it's yo' life!
Once upon a time called now we start this
A chosen one came forth from the darkness
To lead the lost for the cost of a beat tape
And make the blind see straight 'fore it's too late
I can't wait time's quickly runnin out
Call to arms, revolution's in the house
Unforgettable the words of wisdom
Brought to life by the ten point system
One: Freedom and power to determine our destiny
Two: Full employment for the black community
Three: Fight the capitalist with a raised fist
B-U-Y Black and stack awareness
Four: Decent housing for the shelter of human beings
Five: Education and truth for the black youth
Six: All black men exempt from military service
Hear my words and get nervous
Seven: A quick end to police brutality
Death of blacks at the hands of the P.D
Eight: Release of all black men who are held in prison;
Guilty 'fore proven innocent

Nine: Black juries when our brothers are tried in court

And in addition to all his we want

Ten: Land bread and housing and education

Clothing justice and peace for the black nation

› Wretched

[Paris]

Again I start this, but I'll add a new twist
So the ma**es can't resist
The message brought by a Panther strictly
To relieve the disease of the sickly
So long your mind's been trapped
Slave, cause you're shamed to be black
Ignorant of the purpose of the
Plan to keep the black man down under
So I'll address y'all this time
Make a statement that's on my mind
Brothers scared of revolution should be
Thinkin of the way that we could be
Miss blue eyes, how'd you do that?
Tried to put him in but the skin is still black
Thinkin of a way to escape the darkness
See the weave and indeed I start this - off!

"Black is black is black is black" - off!
"Black is black is black is black"

[Paris]

S-E-D-I-T-I-O-N

In the mood of the move I'm showin
See the way the cliches have been torn
Cold spittin facts to the miracle earth born
So what's your next move, black?
Go to school or maybe join a frat
Still you seem lost, the mind is brainwashed
It can't be good cause your mind's the cost
So flip on your Young MC
Or Jazzy Jeff or whatever the case be
Mindless music for the ma**es makes ya
Think less of the one that hates ya
Then trained to respect the game

And you turn your back on a black with the same claim
Oh blessed but you guess they mean less
Because another brother can't afford to dress
The way you do but who said you're all that?
Made a little money now your skin ain't black?

C'mon I don't think your sh*t don't stink
You can't run from the one whose primal instinct
Is to fought the words I taught ya
Thought you moved quick but I just caught ya
Now you try to say that you don't remember me
I'm P-Dog from the B.P. posse
Or a mob, that's known as Scarface
Pro-black, and some think pro-hate
But in fact it's a call for unity
Heed the plea of weak we're soon to be
Move, start this..
"Black is black is black is black"
Enter, the darkside..
"Black is black is black is black"
DJ..
Yeah.. funky..
Dance..

[Paris]
Now who did you think that you were steppin to
Once your job came through
Don't get big cause I caught your accent
Shoulda been real but you wanted ma** appeal
Next time you might think of this
Might remember why I'm above this
But for now my brother I'll say
Peace on the positive tip there's a new way

› Break the Grip of Shame (The Final Call)

[Verse 1]

Enter into a new realm, a new dimension
Pay close attention
And witness knowledge born on the microphone
For the people that I call my own
Remember back when good rap was just a cool dance hit
Even though it wasn't saying (sh*t)
Well them days is gone I don't play that
Pick the punk and I'll say like wack
Stick with the sick style for the serious
Hip-Hop lovers can't get enough of this
Black tracks on wax are so smooth
You can't get help but the thought to move
This is a call and a plea for unity
Black is back uplift and be free
Keep pushin, our movement moves on.. so strong, now

[Verse 2]

With a raised fist I resist
I don't burn, so don't you dare riff
Or step to me, I'm strong and black and proud
And for the (bullsh*t) I ain't down
Life in the city's already rough enough
Without some young sucka runnin up
You don't know me, so don't step
I roll to the right and then bust your lip
Paris is my name, I don't sleep
I drop science, and keep the peace
Here to bust this for better justice
Another dope Scarface release
This is a serious style for the gifted
Pro-black radical rap's uplifting
Still growing, the power's so strong
You can't stop it, now

[Interlude]

"We declare our right on this earth to be a man, to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary."

[Verse 3]

Alright, let's start some mo' (sh*t)
Straight up on the movement tip
With forces strong as Allah's my third eye
Black is back and P-Dog'll never die
Who said that you can't do this
Can't be wise or be for the movement
Games I won't have so don't you play none
You'll see why when I'm gone
Skinheads end up dead cause I don't play
Brothers swarm under the form of Scarface
Round up, roll out, we'll roll em up like Rolo's
I stomp sixteen solo
Straight for the jugular, hope that I don't
Swarm and bust a cap by night so
You just keep your place cause I won't stop
I'll keep pushin that movement rock when I

› The Hate That Hate Made (Power of God mix)

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

June Sixth in the time of six o'clock

Hot summer night in the city of hard knocks

Two black brothers took a walk in the Southside

Could've been any brother lookin' for a dope ride

Seein' a white girl wasn't in the plan

But the plan had plans of it's own for a brother man

A bad case of the right place at the right time

Makes you just ask, "Why?"

I guess you suppose you know what a n***a do

To a female that was meant for you

Jealous cause your girlfriend screwin' a black man

So you bust caps on an innocent bystand

But I guess we all look the same

A goddamned shame you don't know my name

Musta just been too black so the payback

Fit the ID for someone like me

But you see I don't think like you do

I come much sicker with the retribute

Rollin twenty-five deep, troop down in a parking lot

Ready movin' steady when I bust your spot, huh

You dumb motherf**kers just don't know me

You don't control me, so leave me lonely

Step and be prone to a cap to the dome

I don't quit (gunshot) when I start tearin' up sh*t

This is a Scarface set and no snakes allowed

Keep the pace ready set brothers rollin' out

Packin' a Mac-10, strapped and capped him

Now who's to blame, for the hate that hate made?

[Verse 2]

Warned once before, avoid the hardcore

Vigilante punk-police encore anthem

Just made by the panther noir

Step aside 'cause my rhythm's the guide and I go far

Introduced, let loose to the public

Stepped to this but ya missed and I bust quick

With rounds of rapid fire, sharper than barbed wire

Shouldn'ta done this, so now I'm run sh*t, huh

P-Dog, original Earth-born

Cream and I mean I'm mean 'cause I've been torn
Apart since youth, no truth in Babylon
'Scuse me, USA, but I ain't wrong
So you say blue eyes and slim hips are hip
'Cause blondes have more fun n' sh*t
But I guess I just must be the black sheep
Or better yet white sheep, beauty's skin deep
So make way for the good gut with the black hat
My first two words was "F**k That"
Ain't light enough so you think I don't know
But this ain't no, gorilla sideshow
But then maybe it is when it's spelled with a U-E
Instead of an O 'cause I Boozee
Down at point-blank range when ya think that
The black was with that inferior format
So I spit, fold the grits and stay paid
And I won't stray from the path Allah laid
F**kin' up because I ain't no slave
I just say, it's the Hate That Hate Made

PAPERS

Sleeping With
The Enemy

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

► The Enema (Live At The White House)

[Produced by Paris]

[Skit 1]

"Ready to do this?"

"You all ready?"

"Ready now"

"No, no, ain't gon' be no ready"

"What about gon' get be on now?"

"Hold up"

"Turn the mothaf**ker off"

"Yeah, we got this"

"We got it anyway"

[President George H.W. Bush]

"This is crack cocaine, seized a few days ago by drug enforcement agents at a park just across the street from the White House. It could have easily been heroin or PCP. This is innocent-looking as candy."

[Skit 2]

"It's him, it's him, go!"

"Over there, over there! Here ya go"

"Go, go, go go, go!"

"Go left side, go left side!"

"Come on, let's go!"

"Let's go, let's go!"

"We want to thank you for this time..."

"Me and you, motherf**ker!"

› Make Way for a Panther

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

"Boom, boom, boom, now sh*t is equalized"

"Less-less-less you don't give a f**k to be free"

"Paris is my name, Paris is my name"

"First motherf**ker steps up, gets shot"

"Who's to blame? Who's to blame?"

"Little fat policeman..."

"I roll to the right and..."

(gunshots)

[Verse 1]

From the depths of hell, it was felt from all the fire and pain

As they rained on the brains of black men

Culture banned as they planned it but never thought

That they would get caught, let alone by a black man

Take and rape, shape your brain and claim

That what's ours is theirs, so you fear the white race

And hate and never think about the fact we built it all

Got you thinking all the black can do is crawl

So you lose when you chose to be duped

No truth from Bush and Duke play the flute

I shoot, cause I ain't never gave a f**k about a skunk

But some brothers want to go out like a punk

Now they fake, fade creams and contacts

Used to be black, start scheming and kinda acting

And ax the false facts that back the genocide

It ain't no wonder the strong black man's died

[Hook]

Make way for a panther, right?

Make way for a panther, right?

Make way for a panther, right?

Make way for a panther, yeah

Make way for a panther, right?

Make way for a panther, right?

Make way for a panther, right?

Make way for a panther

[Interlude]

Yeah, uh
Damn, catch a nosebleed

[Outro]

"The revolution can't survive if the revolutionary is killed. So the revolutionary has to be wise to avoid the killing fields. Not for the sake that he wants to live, but that the revolution may live and thrive, so revolutionaries have to be wise. Not only courageous, but wise."

› Sleeping With the Enemy

[Verse 1]

Come, I'm P-Dog, with the sh*t
That stick, now I'm fin' to get scandalous
Huh, and tell y'all about a brain disease
A act up it's a shame disease
N***a please, you still don't act right up
Wait a minute, let me get my facts right
When I say that we all don't act the same
Just a handful wanna salt the game
So I gotta roll deep
Check your grip and don't smile, hard as concrete
Damn shame but it's like that
Cause some got hardheads like bricks that don't crack
Raised up on TV
Fast food and fast times, do or die G
Without nothin' to lose but a war
And here life don't mean sh*t to die for

[Hook + scratching]

"Every brother ain't a brother"
C'mon, yeah
"Every brother ain't a brother"
B'le dat!
"Every brother ain't a brother"
Sellin your soul, don't sell your soul man, yo
"Every brother ain't a brother"
"You got my back and I got yours"

[Verse 2]

The reporter looked just like me or you
But that don't mean the man was cool
He understood when I said that it was death to integrate
Cause integrate means a**imilate (word!)
But the media, hate the youth
Love to spread lies and distort the truth
They say the pen is stronger than the sword
But the sword'll give any house n***a his just reward
So let the beat just roll on, huh
While the weak get told on
I'm P-Dog, tellin you the actual fact
Is just cause the skin is black don't mean sh*t!

It ain't about us comin up
To them, it's about us gunnin up
It's a shame but no strain on the brain to see
It's plain, some, are sleeping with the enemy

[Interlude]

C'mon! Yeah, yeah!

[Verse 3]

Boom, another knocked out, what's it all about
Gotta give a shout to the few that's never sellin out
P-Dog, I never slip or slide, I never float along
As long as in control I know I'm born to be a martyr
Huh, and I'ma keep on rappin with
The facts, that I keep on smashin sh*t
No props cause it doesn't really matter bout the color of the cop
And now I hate police so I won't stop
See the punk b*t*h get mad, huh
I ain't the one for a toe tag
You best believe when you see me on the street
I be a motherf**ker ready for the static with a Glock automatic
So let me tell you why I hate pigs
The black gestapo, ultimate house n***a
Simply because a brother wantin to be with a plan
That wanna kill off and cage the black man
Ain't never runnin from the U.S.A
Punk, land of the weak, freak, home of the slave
And I ain't goin to Clarence cause the appearance is clear to me
Some punks, are sleepin with the enemy

› House Niggas Bleed Too

[Intro]

What's wrong with havin it good for a change?

Now they're gonna let us have it good if we just help 'em

They're gonna leave us alone, let us make some money

You can have a little taste of that good life too

Now I know you want it - hell everybody does

You'd do it to your own kind

What's the threat? We all sell out every day

Might as well be on the winning team!

{*footsteps, three gunshots*}

[Paris]

Aww yeah

One for the crabs, cutthroats that blast and backstab

Quick to sell you short for a motherf**kin dollar

This one's for y'all

[Verse 1]

Here come a funky ditty from the one that make ya move

Doin the work in soldier field 'til ain't none left to do

Kickin the knowledge for the people just like me and you

And I'ma keep on runnin until the sh*t is through

This one is for the sissy n***as livin in the house

Y'all know the kind of ones that jump when ma**a call 'em out

They kinda tricky can't be trusted cause they run they mouth

And when some sh*t start up it's always them that ain't around

This is a warnin for the few I knew like Ed and Vern

You might get cheated when you meet 'em but I hope y'all learn

That every motherf**ker don't know how to wait his turn

And every brother ain't a brother and you might get burned

A little knowledge from a scholar so you know the part

My name is Paris and I kicks it to ya from the heart

Thought I forgot ya but I caught ya punk I thought ya knew

House n***as bleed too, sh*t ain't through

[Outro]

Whattup Paul Mack? Haha

› Bush Killa

[Intro]

30 seconds of Bush news snippets

"I understand that time is running out"

"Ooooh look, it's the president! Hey Mr. President!"

"Okay, there he go. Easy, easy, don't lose sight, wait

Two, three and...NOW!"

(gunshots, screaming)

[Verse 1]

Here I go, an angry brother finna make his move

But can I buck him in the city so I never lose?

See I'm a get him the crowd with a couple heavies

And lay the barrel to the ground, hold the gat steady

And now I'm ready for my adversary, talk is cheap

I'm looking for a way to make a plan and keep it neat

And check it out and make around and pick a rooftop

And get a spot where the view's hot, set up shop

Cause all I wanna see is motherf**king brains hanging

Another level when it's me and Devils gangbang

So don't be telling me to get the nonviolent spirit

Cause when I'm violent is the only time the devils hear it

Rat-tat-tat goes the gat to his devil's face

I hope he think about how he done us when he lay to waste

And get the feeling of the peeling from the other side

From guns given to my people from my own kind

So get with Ollie cause I'm probably finna make you mad

I'm steady waiting for the day I get to see his a**

And give him two from the barrel of a black guerrilla

And that's real from the motherf**king Bush Killa

[Interlude]

(laughter)

"I understand that time is running out"

[Verse 2]

Now who is able to make war with the beast?

It starts with "P"

Trumpets sound when I push the program

And set my sight on a serpent man

Swinging the sword of the righteous

Make devils drop and they just can't spite this

Genocide and the minds of men make
Brothers like me fill up with hate
I smell a skunk in the air
Cause your program still ain't fair
So who you wanna blame for the Hate That Hate Made?
When P let off and pigs get sprayed
Y'all wanna kill off the black man?
But I know your master plan
So we'll see who stops the black guerrilla
P Dog the Bush Killa

It's P Dog the Bush Killa

[Verse 3]
Tolerance is getting thinner
Cause Iraq never called me n***a
So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?
You best believe I got your draft card
So bad to hate somebody else
But much worse to hate yourself
Wise up to the mentacide of the devil
Why must black folk be made to die?
Keeping 'em on and on
Keeping ya on and on
Now my brother down south said "F**k the Police"
I'm saying "No Justice, No Peace"
So why'd you stick 'em like that?
Cause everybody want to get the black
But we'll see who stop the black guerrilla
P Dog the Bush Killa
[Interlude]
"He's been shot!"
"The president is dead"
Yeah, it's P Dog the Bush Killa
"Nobody move, just stay where you are"

[Verse 4]
So where's he at?
I just might wait for his motherf**king a** on a rooftop next tour
Buck his dome cause I'm known to play for keeps
Lay low to the flow and keep it neat
And send his a** home belly up

Should've listened to the facts that the black's been telling ya
It's no surprise that a brother's got wise
Now rat-tat-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye
Now I'm in it, got to die before we see
That motherf**kers don't give a damn for you or me
So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still
For P Dog the Bush Killa

› Coffee, Donuts, and Death

12:15, lay real low at night
Creep in a jeep hit the corner tight
Finna go clip they wings
But gotta keep it neat and clean
One-time [blam] make it so they momma cry
Y'all shoulda eased up when I told you last time
But now I gotta do it the hard way
P-A-Y-back day
Then we see 'em, the black and white on sixth street
Cut a left in the lot of Mickey D's
And pulled up to the window
Ssshhh! Big Yon creped on him real slow
He could see when he looked at me
That a brother wasn't thinkin' 'bout sh*t but the payback
Rollin' with a panther, trained well
No need for the hollerin' - f**k jail
Only two gats in the ride
But the black still had, the element of surprise
Now I'm aimin' straight for the dome
'Cause I'm thinkin' about my homey's moms alone
Cryin' cause her baby's dead man
This pig finna kiss the lead man
As an example so all the blue coats know
You get poached when you f**k with black folk
Said it 'til my voice was hoarse
I ain't down with excessive force
But of course I wasn't heard so I'm silent now
Black folk can't be non-violent now
I'd rather just lay you down, spray you down
'Til justice come around
Cause without it there'll be no peace
The only motherf**kin' pig that I eat is police
Do it like Che said, so it work
Stampede, retreat in guerrilla spurts
And see that ya caps are peeled like potatoes
'Cause this is a war and pigs hate us
If ya don't think so ask Nina G
Cause she was raped two times by OPD
By a motherf**king pig named Riley
So when I pinch I don't flinch or smile, see

I just laid low for the night to come
Rounded up the click, to straight drop the bomb
And got with K-Cloud for the throwaways
Went far, rented a car, and took off the plates
And came back through to the place where
Everybody knew that they was gonna show they face at
Stepped up, crept up, as I held my breath
And then I squeezed, coffee, donuts, and...
[Blam blam blam, blam, blam]
[Officer down, we need backup, there's an office down here
Oh sh*t!]
...death

► Thinka 'Bout It

[Produced by Paris]

Yeah! Another funky song for your mind in the nine-two
And the nine-three, P-Dog in the motherf**kin' house!

Bout to get it started

Bout to get it started, live and direct from the underground
Still sayin' what I wanna say, and I ain't gon' never change

[Verse 1]

Oh what a shame, the way that we're dyin' up

Killin' ourselves with no help from the other one

Only thought, was how the hell to get your money on

Livin' in fear cause you're livin' in a war zone

So much funk, jump off from a wrong look

Make a wrong move one time and your life's took

Just the way it is when you're livin' in the city

The way we dyin' off is a motherf**kin' pity

Extra, extra, read all about it

Another one dead, he seen a bullet and he caught it

How many gotta fall off victim to the game

Or being a ho, to the cocaine thang

Makin' a rush up, to keep 'em comin' back again

You oughta know by now it ain't no love for African

People stay enslaved to the ways of America I'm scarin' ya

But I ain't goin' out like that, so think about it now

[Hook]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Yeah, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

Uhh, think about it

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

"Young brothers just don't realize"

[Verse 2]

People keep comin' up, askin' the news

They wanna know, why I do what I do
It's really kinda simple, so don't be amazed
It ain't no secret it's the way I was raised
Got much props from my pops cause he never stops
Bein' a father to his child, he cared a lot
Raised me up, and told me like this:
You better stand up for yours or be dissed
Be a man, and do for yourself
Better love your own befo' anyone else
It ain't nothin' in the big city but a small thang
To see a brother straight fall victim to the game
Somethin' that I roll with straight from the start
In a city where a fool and his money soon part
Where brothers might die over anything at all
I can't call it but I know you better watch your step
And think about it now

[Interlude]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Ay n***a what you need?"
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"I got five ten, what?"
"Yeah five ten fifteen twenty. I heard they got fifty."
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Ay n***a what? Ay n***a where you from?"
"Get that motherf**ker! Get that ol' n***a!"
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
(*gun shots*, *police siren*)
"Move man! Move!"
"Freeze motherf**ker freeze! Get your god damn hands in the air!"
"Oh sh*t! Oh sh*t! Oh sh*t. Oh sh*t. Oh Sh*t."
"The jury, having found you guilty, twenty-five years."
(*jail cell door slams shut*)

[Verse 3]

And now there's one last thing, I think we need to talk about
It might save your life and you die if you do without
Pokin in the puddin mean you better wrap tight
Tragic to Magic my soap in your eye
And now you better straighten up, and straighten up fast
Relyin on the guts and the luck of the last
Cause the fool was in with the skins shoulda never been
In with the skins no cap for the lap get waxed

Now, who growin up next?
Ready for the sex better check with the latex
So many trapped and set for the funk
Who take they life for a joke so I say wait a minute
Genocide from the suicide of dippin inside
Everybody die when the legs spread ride
Gave to the sons of the slave and it's man-made
AIDS and you're off to your grave, think about it now

[Hook]

"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Uhh, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Yeah, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
One time for your mind, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Uh, yeah
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
P-Dog
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
For the nine-two, and the nine-three
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"

» Guerrillas in the Mist

[Intro]

"Damn. Forgot to do somethin', let me see...uh

 Oh, yeah—it ain't over, mother..."

"KFLB news time 4:36. (part two, part two)

In the top story of the hour, the largest single law enforcement

(part two, part two) operation in California history is

 Currently underway. (part two, part two)

The police in five Southern counties are engaged in a ma**ive battle...(part two, part two)"

[Verse 1]

P-Dog, back to break 'em off somethin'

And never frontin' when the rhyme keep comin'

 Not lotto but I'm in it to win it and never lose

Never singin' but swingin' and bringin' nothin' but bad news

 And I'm madder than a motherf**ker

Won't slip and the record won't skip, better get hip

 Finna pop, but I ain't Pop

How many cops gotta drop when the gat wreck shop

 P-Dog comin' up on another level

 No hope for the black folk, f**k a devil

 It ain't nothin' but a skanless-a** trap

To keep motherf**kers broke and smokin' crack

 So I'm grippin' on the clip and finsta move

Another n***a on the trigger with nothin' to lose

 You better duck when the gat buck b*t*h

'Cause the funk is on and Young Mark gimme some of that

[Hook + Scratching]

(scratching) Yeah, pa** the match!

(scratching) Pa** the match!

(scratching) Yeah

[Verse 2]

Ain't nothin' changed, still anti-pig

Still anti-drug dealer and anti-house n***a

 From bein' broke in slavery

And if the skin is brown they only want you to stay down

 I see the community need work

Black power mean mo' than a t-shirt

 All I'm tryin to do is be sure

That the young black youth stay true to the format

And see the plan to kill the man
And understand, it ain't sh*t for life to end
Look at the Oaktown murder rate
We need mo' than a panel to set it straight
The next time somebody asks why
A motherf**ker sit still while the black keep dyin'?
I'ma do Elihu and make you see you can't
Bullsh*t around with the people's fate
And that's why we hate ourselves
Sleepin' with the enemy, you're bound to catch hell
They ain't never been down with our side
So f**k Schlitz, Olde E and St. Ide's
You better hear the word when I warn ya
Now it seem like the whole world's Arizona
One for Rodney and Latasha and Tawana, boy, ya better check ya list
For guerrillas in the mist
[Interlude]
Alright y'all, get ready for roll call
We got the gats, we got the masks, we got the gloves
The van's packed, and motherf**kers is ready to roll!
Uh-uh, wait a minute motherf**ker
You better go on with that old trick sh*t
'Cause in the 90's, n***as ain't havin it
So you best just learn to deal and get the F**K out!

[Verse 3]

White supremacy ain't never been a friend of me
You better check it when I wreck it 'cause it's gettin' deep
And get ready for the funk when the pot boil
With a dry rag, kerosene, and motor oil
Now the Aryan is scary and I'm runnin' up
Fat Tom better duck when he try his luck
'Cause I'ma see that he suck on a tech-9
Or fifteen to his dome'll be fine
Or maybe I'll just tar and feather ya
And castrate ya 'cause I hate a devil too
Rape your women up and then I'll rape your mind
Think about it it's an eye for an eye
And now it's fittin' that I'm spittin' on America
A black man with a plan and I'm scarin' ya
It ain't a threat but a promise out to each
In L.A., Forsythe, and Howard Beach

Duck down when the clip from the tech pop
You can't f**k with the sound when the needle drop
So don't speak when I plans to wreck the house
 You can't win when the truth is spoken out
 A real case of a brother you love to hate
Can't be roughed up or hushed or set straight
 You better know me on the Mike McGee tip
And grab another clip, for guerrillas in the mist

› The Days of Old

[Verse 1]

Reminiscin' back when I was only a child
Back in the days of livin' carefree lifestyles
As long as we wasn't caught, bein' bad was cool
And we were never at a loss for something to get into
Children in the neighbourhood, down at the park
Sunny days when we played at the old schoolyard
Where kickin' it live was a familiar scene
Kenny M. and Big Gene know what I mean
But nowadays, it seems life just ain't the same
Everybody's involved in the game or a gang
And when we die, it seem like nobody cares
It ain't no love in they cold-hearted stares
Thinkin' of payback or makin' a hit
Now Cowboys and Indians become real-life sh*t^{*}
And life means nothin' when the heart is cold
It ain't the same as the days of old

[Interlude]

Yeah

It ain't the same as the days of old

[Verse 2]

It's a unity thing, much love for my people here
But what good is love if the people don't really care?
The triggers are cold at the O.K. Corral
But it ain't okay when my people live foul
Another sad case of the black-on-black
It's a fact, some of our people don't know how to act
Can't go to the club, can't to the store
Can't chill with your girl, can't go to the show
Can't do anything without some fool actin' up
You start to believe that black folk are savage but
Before you do, allow me to say
That in the old days we didn't act that way, see
Kings and Queens were the names of the righteous
But the sons of slaves are insane and we might just
Self-destruct and erupt without a chance to grow
This ain't the days of old

[Interlude]

Damn

This ain't the days of old

I don't know

C'mon

[Sound bite of George H.W. Bush]

There is no match for a united America, a determined America, an angry America...

Our outrage against the ploy unites us, brings us together behind this one plan of action, an

a**ault on every front

(Better wake up)

[Verse 3]

So I say, what will it take before we change up?

Some more of us dead, or more of us locked up?

Or maybe even more of us will blame the white man

Before we understand now the problem's not him

What I'm tellin' ya is actual fact

I'm ain't pro-human 'cause all humans ain't pro-Black

Remember in your mind that there still exists

A plan to bring down a black fist

See the struggle is uphill, life's at a standstill

Jack popped Jill, now he don't act real

And every livin' moment got her singin' the blues

Her sole provider can't afford the baby's shoes

That's the cycle so many of us go through

America's black holocaust continues

And I just hope we wake up soon before we fold

I miss the days of old

[Interlude]

Damn

I miss the days of old

Listen

It ain't the same as the days of old

› Conspiracy of Silence

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: L.P.]

Convicts, as I bring you this one
Check out the force of what the power of the clenched fist done
They call us n***ers, then n***as
B*t*hes then b*t*hes, we take it but doesn't fit us
If we could just collaborate, eliminate the force matters
Bring the truth to what the devils stars scatter
'Cause brains don't functions for justice
Amongst the brothers, so I carry the circ*mference
I see a shady n***a, but I know he can't he hide
Knife in his sweaty palms, tryna stab my backside
Kicks the positracks with backs from Mother Terrace
With Funkdoobiest Sun and brother Paris
State of emergency calls to get rid of this
The n***as who be flipping at just how severe it is
But if I get some cup, I'll put them in a slump with chumps
'Cause they splatter on a tree stump

[Hook]

Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die

[Verse 2: Paris]

Yes its the G, the-U-E-double R-I-double L-A
Back in the clip tight for L.A
Or any other black neighborhood because its fittin'
P-Dog with a new plan for us to hit 'em
Or where the n***as that be talking that gangsta sh*t
They runnin' b*t*h when its time to make the hit
So scared of whitey motherf**ker, should be ashamed
See house n***as never change, they still the same
But thats cool, because it don't take but a few
To troop on a swoop on the make a move on the boys in blue
I'm ain't the one who gotta walk on a beat ya b*t*h
But I'm the one whose trigger finger is starting to itch
So I might start waiting for the nightfall
When time is right, I'll commence to sniping y'all

And be sure piggies drop like drawers on the floor tonight
Because the motherf**king war is on

[Hook]

Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die
So come on, and get up, get up, get up get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get down

[Interlude]

"We as Black people must examine America, as a resources of America. Will those in power use those resources that America has to correct the ill-mannered behavior that she's casted upon Black people for the past four-hundred and thirty seven years? You must understand that your conspiracy of silence can be no more!"

[Verse 3: Son Doobie]

Cops be warrin' with the search warrant
To arrest a Doobie, better switch to the foreign
AK mayday because we need more backup
Is what I had them screaming, now it's time I shack up
It ain't simple but I'm bucking through the boarded up windows
But that's how the wind blows
They can never catch me, hear the dispatch G
Suspect afoot coming through like the apache
Here we go, one more time for ya a**
Kid, it doesn't really matter because you know I'm philly blastin'
Murderin', hurtin', yo it's curtains for your a**
And I'm certain you'll get played like Richard Burton
Barrels to the kneecaps, you best believe that
Boom shocker, tell me where the weeds at
So I can drop these punk a** cops
And rip shop and take the rubles because you know I got scruples

[Hook]

Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die
So come on, and get up, get up, get up get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get, get down

› Funky Lil' Party

Fin' ta roll to the party, still in demand
Troopin thicker than a ball team, packin the van
I was movin as a unit every brother stayin strapped
But still we got enough sense to never bust 'em too fast
And now I'm runnin a roll call, startin with D
Big Doc and Yon, K-Cloud and E
Young (?) Rich-O's, and my man A.B
I can't forget Big Gene, still keepin the peace
Rollin stone still rollin on our way to the club
Every spot that we step into showin nuttin but love
Never payin to play and never waitin in line
But never lookin to start sh*t, but just a good time
And as we step into the place, you know the party is FAT
Females wall to wall, got us all back to back
Rollin thicker than b***er, y'know the crew never lose
And some fools is jealous, cause the women is choosin'
I see hard stares and the glares from the young bucks
The stank of the dank could make a elephant knees buck
I'm makin my way to the bar for some juice
When the move was interrupted by two twins
And they friends sportin body suits
They said whattup, I said whattup, and they broke it down
They said they want to do the oochie coochie and spread it 'round
I stepped back, and had to think a minute cause damn G
If you'da seen what I was seein you woulda felt weak
But I thought fast, yo black I had to pa**
I hate it when I see my sister movin too fast
I know you need some knowledge of self for your young a**
Cause hoein only get your kids AIDS or crabs
But then, the funk start jumpin on the other side
Some brothers in the corner start to havin a fist fight
Gats pop, blacks drop, the party became a riot
And all because some n***as didn't know how to act right
The fact is that it wasn't rap to blame
It's a shame that just a few can mess it up for the whole scene
But I said it once, and I'mma say it again
We better learn to love each other 'fore we all drop dead
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all
I'm tryin to wake the black with mack raps y'all
It's alright y'all, so don't fight y'all

I'm tryin to keep us from killin up every night y'all

And just live..

"check the music playin" -] sample repeats to fade

» Check it Out Ch'all

[Intro]

That sh*t hittin

Ah yes yes y'all

(Naw naw man, naw man that ain't it, that ain't it. Do that other sh*t, that other sh*t)

[Verse 1]

Check it out ch'all, here we go again another one

From the man known to run a record wreck and take a stand

P-Dog, kickin over breaks that make ya wanna move

It's like that when the black cat get in tune

And now you bustin' smiles when styles are ripped

So many of 'em ya discover most speakers are split

It's kinda like a little lesson in stressin' the facts

And still be kickin' so know where you at, black

Listen up to the groove of the cut

Feel the funk when the ba** hump, tryin to get e n***y Ônuff

And feel it hittin" when the speakers jigglin' like Jello

With just enough of that good funky sh*t to keep it mellow

Never fadin' or stayin' on course

The only sellin' out I'm doin' is sellin' out tours

Somethin for your ear, comin' loud and clear

It's the voice you fear, if your sh*t ain't real

Keep it comin' one time for your mind on the mic

It's the panther, kickin over breaks you dance to

And doin" devils dirty lickin' lyrics to break beats

While buildin' so the children always know where they at, G

[Hook]

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all

Check it out ch'all, check it out

[Verse 2]

Check it out ch'all, here I come again with verse two

With the knowledge of myself I got another one from me to you

With perk tracks movin' smoother than machinery

It's plain to see I'm finna be another brother catchin' heat

I take a stand cause Amerikkka ain't sh*t to me

And bring ya knowledge of the way it is supposed to be

And knock you devils out the box like a mule kick

Comin' up with the sh*t the tricky skunks can't f**k with
Rap is rhythm and poetry I thought you knew it
But who would have ever thought that we would use it the way we be usin' it?
Spittin' facts to my peers and your fear is showin'
Cause now the black is knowin' things you thought we shouldn't know and
Gettin ready for a power move
Yes yes y'all, ready for the motherf**kin' show and prove
So pack a lunch when the bunch roll, cause we're goin'
For the gold but I never sold my soul for it

[Hook]

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all

Check it out ch'all, check it out

[Verse 3]

Now - whose freedom of speech if I can't reach each

There's no support when you're black and you're goin' for yours

Yeah, that's alright

As long as n***as killin n***as makin money is nothin' for whites

That's the way they wanna play and now I know they fear it

Where the hell was little Ollie all them other years?

Blacks was dyin' in the movies and in other records

I see the racist motherf**ka never said nothin'

But that's the way it is when I run it

I make the funky tracks to keep my people up on it

Well known and prone to break a bone let's get it on

I'm showin' you the facts on wax 'til your mind is grown

Huh, and still sayin' what I wanna say

I won't slip still sayin' what I wanna say

I won't slip still sayin' what I wanna say

I'm P-Dog and I'm always gonna make it plain

[Hook]

Huh, so check it out ch'all, check it out

Check it out ch'all, check check check it out

Check it out ch'all, check check check it out

Check it out ch'all, check check check it out

Motherf**kin' right

► Rise

[Skit]

Say, Black man!

Who are you? You are Asiatic

That makes you first!

Yeah, that's right

Are you ready for this war?

Why you tryin' so hard to fit in this world?

This world is not designed for your upliftment, but for your fall, brother!

Black man, respect your Black woman!

She's Asiatic, that makes her first!

She nurtures you, she suckles you rich in strength

A nation's only as strong as its woman!

The time is now, or lay down and die, Black people!

› Assata's Song

Yeah, yeah..
One time, one time..
Goin out, goin out..
To all the sisters.. this one's for y'all..

[Verse 1]

Thinkin' of you, and how the perception came to pa**
Of a queen bein' just a piece of a**
So I ask you how that sound
That's for the sisters I missed the last time 'round
Because I can't forget what you been through
I can't forget the hardships and what you do
So I'm payin' you the ultimate respect
Because I love you and that's what you should get
And it's a shame that it comes as a surprise
From the man in the land of do or die
That the word could ever reach and educate
It ain't nothin' but a style to set it straight
And I'm raised right so ladies still first
But smooth with the groove for the fools that doubt ya worth
Still thinkin' of a master plan
To protect and respect cause the fact is I love the black woman

[Interlude]

[Verse 2]

And anyway, I remember there was a time
When I would see you and try and go for mines
Push up in the guts for a month or two
Leave a stamp, break camp, y'all know the rules
And if somethin' went wrong it was yo' fault
The time was cut short and so were the phone calls
And someone would ask if I know you
Come up in my face and I would be like, "What, who?"
But then I seen that the game was ignorant
The time had come for me to break away from that
Don't you know there ain't no future in hurtin our own
It's bad enough that the trust and love are gone
So I strive for, one to provide for
And hold and take and elevate and guide for

So many people wanna destroy
But I can't, and I won't stop ever bein' true to black woman
[Interlude]

[Verse 3]
Now brothers, one last note to help us
Keep check of some are livin' life reckless
Runnin' with women who don't have respect for self
And too foul to wanna get help, huh
And sista' you don't need a man
Who cheats and mistreats and beats you bad
It's better to have nothin' than somethin' at all
And end up like a case bein' worse than a close call
So listen to the message in the song
It ain't nothin' but a way to make us strong
Quit being so quick to chase the juice
And diss us tryin to taste another's fruit
In the land of Ameri-K-K-Ka
I gotta hold my own and stay down wit'cha
Cause everybody wants to wreck
But I'mma love ya and show respect
I need ya black woman

[Interlude]

› Bush Killa (Hellraiser Mix)

"I understand that time is running out.."

[Paris]

Now who is able to make war with the beast?

It starts with P

Trumpets sound when I push the program

And set my sight on a serpent man

Swinging the sword of the righteous

Make devils drop and they just can't spite this

Genocide and the minds of men make

Brothers like me fill up with hate

I smell a skunk in the air

Cause your program still ain't fair

So who you wanna blame for "The Hate That Hate Made?"

When P let off and pigs get sprayed

Y'all wanna kill off the black man

But I know your master plan

So we'll see who stop the black guerrilla..

P-Dog the Bush Killa

{*scratching*}

Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa

[Paris]

Yeah, tolerance is gettin thinner

Cause Iraq never called me "n***a"

So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?

You best believe I got your draft card!

So bad to hate somebody else

But much worse to hate yourself

Victim to the mentacide of the devil why

Must black folk be made to die?

Keepin 'em on and on.. keepin ya on and on

Now my brother down South said, "F**k the Police"

I'm sayin, "No Justice, No Peace"

So I just stick 'em like that

Cause everybody want to get the black, huh

But we'll see who'll stop the black guerilla..

P-Dog the Bush Killa

"He's been shot!" "The president is dead"

Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa
{*scratching*}
"Oh my God!" "That man shot the president"

"Nobody moves, just stay where you are"
"Just hold it right there.."

[Paris]
Yeah, so where's he at? I might wait
For his motherf**kin a** on a rooftop next tour
Buck his dome cause I'm known to play for keeps
Lay low to the flow and keep it neat
And send his a** home belly up
Should've listened to the facts that the black's been tellin ya
It's no surprise that a brother got wise
Now rat-a-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye
I'm in it, got to die before we see
The motherf**kers don't give a damn for you or me
So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still
For P-Dog the Bush Killa, yeah!

{*breakdown*}

[Paris]
Now you know, that I ain't never been a slave to the bottle
All I see on the tube is the punk black role model
The pa**ive girllike she-men
That make and dictate the lives of black men
And sometimes I wanna give up hope
Cause all they wanna do is grow up and work for white folks
Or be a pimp, drug dealer or sports star
It ain't no wonder the blacks don't go far
Now the trick is stay quick to bust sh*t
Got to be equipped so the devil can't flip
And be aware of the government plan to keep
Young black folk walkin in our sleep
F**k the games I still feel the pain
I still feel the shame cause ain't nuttin changed
I CAIN'T fade peace when the war is all around
You better run cause the lost are bein found
Choose your team, square up and take sides
But don't be punked or a skunk when the gat fire

Cause I'm the first one to let the caps go
No more vetoes of negroes
Who run scared full of fear when the devil squawk
Funk is on to the dome the Glock'll talk
And be sure that a devil is peeled
Make way for the motherf**kin Bush Killa, now!

{*laughter*}

"Things change, a majority of the people will decide where and when"
"All males to the bail tomorrow mourning for the late great black man"
"We are all going to respect the law, or pay the consequences"

{*scratching: "Hey!"*}
{"Get your punk devil a** hurt motherf.." -] Ice Cube}

{*dogs barking*}
"Let me draw a bead on his black a** and he's dead!"
{*dogs barking*}
"He's gonna make it." "Let the dogs go." "No I won't do it!"

{*guitar solo for the next couple of minutes*}
{*music eventually fades*}

› Sleeping With The Enemy Liner Notes

Written, produced, arranged, and performed by Paris

* Samples by Shadow

** By Khaliq Asharri and Kif

Guitar on "Bush Killa" by Kenny M

Guest vocals on "Conspiracy of Silence" by Sun Dubious & L.P

Sax on "A**ata's Song" by Eric Bertraud

Scratches on "Coffee, Donuts, and Death" by D.J. Yon

Photography: Victor Hall

Graphics: J. Alex

Engineering and production a**istance by Mike Martin at H.O.S. Studios

Since this album was censored and rushed

I didn't have the time to get my list

Of 'thank you's' together, so I'll say "Peace"

To all those who've been supportive

All praise is due to Allah

For booking information contact:

William Morris Agency

1350 Avenue of the Americas

New York, NY 10019 (212) 903-1316

For merchandising information send a self addressed stamped envelope and \$2.00 to:

Scarface Records, 1716 Ocean Avenue, #45, S.F., CA 94112

**PARIS
FUNK**



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

GUERRILLA FUNK

› Prelude

Yeah, 1990 mothaf**kin' four
P-Dog, back in this motherf**ker
The Black Panther of Hip-hop comin' at ya with the trunk-a-funk
What up, K-Cloud? Yeah
Shots goin' out to all them fake-a** wannabe, uh, "real n***as"
Y'all keep sellin' out, I keep bringin' the truth
West Coast funk, Guerrilla Funk
Comin' at ya straight from the Bay
And like I said, "In God I trust, so n***a do what you must"
I'm a still bring it to ya
And to ya punk-a** pigs out there, it definitely ain't over
L.A. we play comin' to your town soon, yeah
Oh, and uh, Chris Joyce, how you feel? I ain't forgot you motherf**kers
Keep your eyes on this, Scarface Records 1994
And it don't stop

► It's Real

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

On the scene back again with the mothaf**kin' grip
Ninety-three was the year P-Dog came rippin' sh*t
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast
And still the same n***a that was hollerin', "F**k peace!"
But check it out, it's the same old thing
Cause now the year's ninety-four and ain't a damn thing changed
N***as still droppin' dead like flies
And I'm still lookin' for a way to make us rise
I emphasize that I still hate the devil (That's right!)
And I'm a mothaf**ka that'll take your a** to the next level
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)
Yeah, now better listen why

[Interlude]

Yeah! Right back at you once again in '94
P-Dog, righteous
Back up in you with another mothaf**kin' bomb
And we kickin' the real

[Verse 2]

So, anyway I'mma do it this time so you wanna hear
Specially designed for your mind and a soldier's ear
Cause n***as nowadays just shoot
And f**kin' with the crew will get your a** peeled like fruit
And everybody wanna be a Gee
The same sick house n***a mentality
Please, f**kin' with them fake fairytales
N***a, I don't trip cause I still kicks the realest sh*t
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off
Representin' Allah and I'm raw cause I'm God
So I hope you're listenin' what I'm kickin', it's real
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the sh*t you fear)
Yeah, you better check it why?
Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-a** wanna-be... gees

Just break it on down...

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill, the hill
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again, again

[Verse 3]

So I'm still comin' on with this (Still comin' strong with sh*t)
Sh*t that'll make ya brain come up wake up
Regonize that it ain't nothin' but a thing
To see a n***a locked down, underground or in the sweep
And you ain't never gonna take me out cause I
(...roll up mothaf**kas and i'll break you down to side!)
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this, f**k what you heard
(And watch the devil get served!)

Yeah, so now you know
Scarface records, Paris
Still hittin' you with the righteous sh*t
The funky sh*t
In the name of Allah
And it ain't gonna never change
It don't stop
It don't never stop
So back your devil-a** sob off me
And let me get my field
Power, yeah!

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill, the hill
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again, again (2x)

Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist
And it ain't never gonna change!

› One Time Fo' Ya Mind

[Verse 1]

I'm sick of all the sh*t in '94 so I'm cappin'
F**king with them devils every time I start to rap
Listen to the man cause the man is coming right
P-Dog is in the house until them brothers see the light
But now understand I ain't concern with the bullsh*t
Cause I know the truth, I see they mothaf**kin' hoof print
Got n***as tripping off the violence and the 40 ounce
So I call my homies get my strap and go take forty out
That's the way I'm coming so you better tell a friend
B*t*h, I ain't your boy so respect me as a man
And n***as understand that I'm down for whatever
We gotta make it better brothers gotta stick together
Pay attention to the

[Hook + scratching]

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

Pay attention to the

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

[Verse 2]

Now house n***as on the left wanna talk sh*t
Mothaf**kin' devils on the right wanna dump a clip
Ever since I broke the grip of shame back in '89
I see tricks tripping all the time like I did a crime
Got me on the news cause they wanna hide the truth
But notice I'm a soldier and I'm coming at the youth
Black guerrilla standing for my folk and I'm proud
This one's going out to the brothers locked down (Now)
Now as long as we keep playing by your rules
I'm leaving sh*t stains on your flag till I'm through time
After time I bring them mothaf**kin' facts
I'm coming pro-Black, understand where I'm at
Take a listen to the

[Hook + scratching]

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

Take a listen to the

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

[Verse 3]

Never f**king with no dank, cut no drink y ou can keep that

Sh*t for the next n***as slangin' with a weak rap

Busta-a** bandwagon n***as wanna be the new

Gangsta of the week on the street but ain't got a clue

Damn, it's a trip how them devil-a** labels put

Everything they got in that sh*t but they never push

Anything real for the good of the community

It should be plain to see, f**kin' over you and me

So I stay true to the game cause it's on

Praise to Allah, running real for the cause

Never underestimate my enemies, but trip

On how they operate cause they wanna see me slip

As long as I'm living I keep giving you the facts

Bumpin' when I'm smugglin' in the message in the rap

So pay attention now cause I'm bound to catch a case

Them mothaf**kin' snakes wanna n***a in his place

But I keep on saying

[Hook + scratching]

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

"Def-def with the record"

"Def-def with the record"

"Def with the record"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def-def with the record"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

» Guerrilla Funk

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Beatin' down your block, it's the brother with the bomb sh*t
Comin' with the sound, makin' underground bomb hits
Doin' '94, it's time for some action
I'm askin', "which one of y'all is down for the count?"
Now, still in the warzone, in '94 it's on
But I'm full grown, f**kin' with the microphone
P-Dog creepin' in the drop with the dirty eye
Still f**kin' with the man and it's kinda odd
That a n***a roll down and let the sh*t to go
Still gotta pray for the L.A., we play
Black folks still bring in to the true
But I still got love, so I'm comin' through
With a trunk full of funk that I make ya
Separate the real from the fake each and everyday
Understand it's a must that I tear sh*t up
And I still won't budge
And that's deep

[Hook]

We got that sh*t that you can feel
And ya know we're comin' real, baby
Ya know it's hidden in ya trunk
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Verse 2]

Right back up in ya with the mothaf**kin' dose
Of the truth and you House-n***as can't come close
To the P-R, the O, B-L-A-C-K
Still lookin' for a way to make us rise each and everyday
Brothers, listen to the sound when I bump
P-Dog, and I'm hittin' ya in ya trunk with the funk
Got that down home sh*t ya love
I never slipped chippin' with the monster bug
You know it go on and on and I won't stop
Comin' with the militant grooves that keep y'all spirits lit
Long as n***as keep dyin', I'm a keep servin'
Hip-hop 'til the bullsh*t stops
Back in the name of Allah, the one true God

Stand tall, bringin' truth to all y'all
So buck that devil and pa** me the fish sh*t
And know I never switch-hit
And that's deep

[Hook]
We got the sh*t that you can feel
And ya know we're comin' real, baby
Ya know it's hidden in ya trunk
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Bridge]
Take a listen to the sound, 'cause uhm
It's goin' down, baby (That's the law)
Ya know we keep it on the one
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Verse 3]
One more dead Black man
You can ask K-Cloud 'cause this sh*t's out of hand
All I do is see the world just stand around and watch
N***as drop like flies around the clock
But I never underestimate the fact
That America still hate Blacks, so I gotta act
Ever since I was three-fifths of a man
It was clear that somebody had to take a stand
So I strive to survive in a place
Where your worth is determined by your race, ain't that a b*t*h?
Nothin' funny from where I'm comin' from so I don't
Wear a smile 'cause I know they got me on file
Long as n***as gotta live in this f**kin hellhole
I'm a freak the motherf**kin' funk so the people know
And recognize that as long as young brothers stay 'sleep
We're born to die, sh*t, and that's deep

[Interlude]
Oh, right back once again back at ya
P-Dog, still up in ya trunk
Comin to ya straight from the anti-gangsta
I give you Guerrilla Funk

› Bring It To Ya

[Intro: Paris]

Yeah

Special shout going out to all them motherf**king pigs out there

Boys in blue, ghetto Gestapo

"To serve, protect and break a n***a's neck" is how the saying goes

I'm here to speak on that

Special One, step up and let they a** know

[Verse 1: Special One, Conscious Daughters]

Friday night, me and Afro Key and The Coup

I'm celebrating cause we coming up and sh*t is moving

It's the Conscious, The Daughters, Daughters Conscious represent

East O, dipping slow, hit a right on 35th

On my way to, kick it with brother cause it's time

For me to get my feel so I'mma go for mine

But the 5-O, wanna follow me and try to break

Cause Special One is making more than piggies on the take

Should I, pull over, and hope the sh*t is cool?

Or should I mash cause I ain't no motherf**king fool?

See, Oakland California is a city where the pigs don't play

I see that sh*t everyday so I'ma bring it to ya

[Interlude]

Yeah, you better listen to exactly what's going on

(I'ma bring it to ya)

Pigs out in this motherf**ker do whatever they want, whenever they want

(So I'ma bring it to ya)

Robbing, killing, raping, you name it, they done it

(I'ma bring it to ya)

And still do that

So next time you feel like you safe in the community, think again

[Verse 2: CMG, Conscious Daughters]

Mista Policeman, or whatever you call you

You can't sweat the C 'cause I'm not that easy

Violation one, two, three, CMG in the O

Getting jacked by the po-po

Show me any cop in the community who's fair

And I'll show you some more that rather see a sister dead

So tell me, what's the reason for the jack? I talk back

Oh, now you take my money and ask me where I got it at?

CMG is just a Cash Making Girl
An artist, an artiste, so what? F**k the police
And any other cause I'm down to squab (Why is that?)
B*t*hes wanna do me cause I'm rolling with the mob
Motherf**ker

[Interlude]

Yeah

So now I got my Molotov c*cktail, fire grenades
(I'ma bring it to ya)
Muffler bombs, people's grenades, pipe bombs and sh*t
(I'ma bring it to ya)
I'm blowing locks, I got my motherf**king sling shot
(I'ma bring it to ya)

And of course you know I got the Glock 21 semi-automatic

[Verse 3: Paris]

Up from the depths of, quiet is kept a
Soldier was awakened where a n***a once slept
In the face of adversity, no mercy on my soul
I've seen 'em do the dirt, now blood is running cold
Five deep in a Cutty and I'm gripping on a nine
Cause I'm through crying foul, they running out of time
Got Doc K, Cloud D, Wood and Yonny Yan
Riding pump in the trunk for them piggies when they come
See, n***as steady dying never making front page
In America is scary, Whitey never caught a case
For killing Blacks, so we holding court up in the street
Please have some mo' "Coffee, Death & Donuts" on your beat
Now some will say, "Cop killa music might incite"
But killer cops whoop on n***as each and every night
So tell me who's to blame for the hate that hate produced
I'm better off dead than with you

F**k America

[Outro]

Yeah, f**k America

Them motherf**kers don't give a f**k about you
(I'ma bring it to ya)

They'd rather see you dead and the sooner you understand then the better off you gon' be
(So I'ma bring it to ya)
America is a racist country
It was built on racism

That's a fact

(I'ma bring it to ya)

So when you see the police in yo' community, who you think they protecting?

(So I'ma bring it to ya)

Who they serving? Not us

Who don't own sh*t so what's really going on?

Make you wanna take them punk motherf**kers and beat the dog sh*t outta 'em

Gives a f**k

Nat Turner 1994

And I'm out

› Outta My Life

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Damn, here come another sad song
Listen to the words cause again it's on
Gettin' at my best black one more time
Cause nowadays we droppin' like flies
Seems like every other week
Somebody I know gettin' caught up in the streets
Used to be sad when I heard somethin'
Now I'm cool if I find out that I didn't know him
And that's true, I thought you knew
Cause nowadays we're born to die
And black life ain't sh*t
Oops, there's another one going down
Shot dead to the ground
Just one more drug-related
Fiasco makin' life complicated
Ask yourself how many of your good friends die
And then ask why

[Chorus]

Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life

[Verse 2]

So I say, how many dope records do it take
Before the brother makes sleeping giants awake
Another day, another call, and it's so wrong
I can't believe I've seen him just last week, now he's all gone
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust to gat bust
Now another one's life is lost, dead it twenty-two years old
Now my heart of pain is turned into a heart of stone
I feel like I wanna go get my motherf**king gat
Grab a mask and handle sh*t, but I'm conscious

So I think I'll count my losses
And wish my friend goodbye
I can't get with the same old, same old
Black on black, shoot a n***a off scenario
So I just swallow it down and try to let go
And see ya at the crossroads

[Chorus]
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
[Verse 3]

Now I'm more than a mack, more than a hustler
More than a D-boy pimp or sport star
And everybody can't make their way
Tryin' to rap or dance, I must say that the sh*t is played
Still militant, never be ignorant
More than a motherf**king jig
Cause I'm heaven's sin, ain't a player
You're n***a, a jungle-bunny
More than a coon or spook or porch monkey
And ain't sh*t funny
It's kinda sad we believe that's all that we can be
Brainwashed and ain't nobody lost but us
So who's payin' the cost?
So I do what I can do
Still stayin' true, still payin' dues
And I still got love for ya
Don't squat when I talk, just listen
And get up on that sh*t you're missing

[Chorus]
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'

Keep runnin' in and outta my life

Keep runnin'

Keep runnin' in and outta my life

› Whatcha See?

[Verse 1]

One, two, three, and I don't stop
Comin' is the man with the motherf**king plan, got their a** running
Known and I'm prone to educate
When I speak to my folk, I set 'em straight
Now understand that I can't be the
One to perpetrate the gangsta fever
So I sit back and observe cause I'm kinda smart
Thinkin' brand new ways to my people's heart
Bounce on in a city where they shoot
Over anything from looks to loot
So many fools get lost in a shuffle, should I scuffle?
So many slippin' cause they egos got em trippin'
Now listen what I'm saying cause it's real
Black men dying nowadays got ma** appeal
So you better recognize where I'm coming from
In a city where it's fashion to act dumb
Still stressin', still strivin'
Still coming real, still trying to survive when
Everybody got their motherf**king straps close
This one's going out to my dead foe
And the brothers in the pen
Cause I still got love and I'm never giving up
Cause we still struggling
I see we gotta get it together
Motherf**k what you heard before
I'm still coming with the...

[Verse 2]

Now how many fake gangsters drop when I pop
True facts for the blacks and you know it don't stop
Kickin' knowledge everyday when I bill
It's the man known forever coming real
Now, how many n***as gotta die before we see?
United we stand, divided there's misery
So I put my funk on your a** quick
Hope brothers get the message in the music
I be coming with the sh*t to let you know
I'ma let you know exactly what be going on for sure so we can grow
It's the same old bullsh*t everyday
Young n***as dying up, victims of the game

But as long as I'm living I keep giving facts
And as long as you listen I be bumpin' raps
That's real sh*t coming from a street soldier
N***a, act like you know, for real

"House n***a gotta run and hide"

The perpetuating
Balling a** n***a on your block
With slave money
From the record company I'm popping
Now I'm on my way
To the neighborhood liquor store
To help sell more
Of that bullsh*t to my folks
Reaching for a can
It's the man with no conscience
But I'm making money
So n***a you can watch this
Mack bubble
Cause I'm trouble
When I pop the top
Even though I know
I'm selling out my song
Just to make a knot
So n***a Buy It
And f**k what you heard
Cause all of that old Black Power bullsh*t
Is for the birds
Yeah, I know it's poison
And I'm sellin' 'em
But yo
I'm the new house n***a with da flow
"House n***a gotta run and hide" (repeats to end)

› Back in the Days

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Back in the day, 1986

Me and Mad Mike puttin' records in the mix

Doin' party after party, high schools and jam

Back before the Glock was king and brothas spoke like men

Makin' demo after demo, tryin' to come up quick

It's funny how n***as treat you when you ain't got sh*

But now I kept on 'cause pops told me

Never to let anybody in the way where I try to get

It was me and D.R. freakin' with the funk

Jerry in the jail, I had a system in the trunk

And it was on, Friday nights the party's jumpin'

Summertime hits had the speakers straight bumpin'

And believe me, even though we had no loot

Everybody knew that we was finsta come up soon

I still remember them days, they was crazy, but now they gone

It ain't nothin' like it used to be before

Back in the days

[Hook]

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

[Verse 2]

1990, fresh out of college

Public Enemy is hittin' n***as up with knowledge

And I love it 'cause without them, there would be no me

Took a trip down to Oakland, heard the minister speak

Felt deep and shortly I was in a while

Forever down for my people 'til the day that I die

That's when "Devil Made Me Do It," it was made, I still remember

The days, still remember the rage, and I was into

Everyday building, trying to be much more

Took a trip down to Cuba, met A**ata Shakur
Had dinner with Fidel, talked about old times
And now America's steady tryin' to destroy minds
And when I got back, it seemed much clearer to me
And when my cousin went to war, he was only nineteen
I still remember them days, they was crazy but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be before
Back in the days

[Hook]

Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days

[Verse 3]

1992, and I'm sour inside
Cause a couple homies pa**ed away before their time
And even though I'm movin' units schoolin' better than most
It ain't the same 'cause I still feel pain and I'm tryin' to cope
And everyday's gettin' clearer to me
Cause if it ain't guns and drugs, it's the pigs and HIV
And now I'm lookin' for a way to try to fight it back
But you see it's votin' time and now you wanna ban rap
Thought I was f**ked playin' by your rules
"Sleeping With the Enemy" was album number two
Let's take a look around and see which one of you all
Gotta balls to put me out, here's a middle finger off for all y'all
Tripped for a minute but before too long
A young brotha said, "F**k it!" and a label was born
I still remember them days, they was crazy but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be but yo, now it's ninety-fo'
And I'm servin' album number three
How many fake wannabe G's do I see?
Now we're back to days of the n***a and the b*t*h
No deposit, no return, it's a trip, I check my grip
And realize that it's all in your mind
Mothaf**k you and that fake gangsta sh*t, I stays righteous
And serve 'em with the dope

Should a truth get a clue? Monkey see, monkey do

Back in the days

[Hook]

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

› It's Real (Extended Movement Mix)

On the scene back again with the mothaf**kin' grip
93 was the year P-Dog came rippin' sh*t
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast

And still the same n***a
That was hollerin': "F**k peace!"
But check it out, it's the same old thing
Cause now the year's 94
And ain't a damn thing changed
N***as still droppin' dead like flies
And i'm still lookin' for a way
To make us raise
I impose that I still hate the devil
(That's right!)
And I'm a mothaf**ka
That'll take your a** to the next level
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)
Yeah, now better listen why...

Yeah! Right back at you once again in 94...
P-Dog, righterous...
Back up in you with another mothaf**kin' bomb...
And we kickin' the real...

So anyway I'ma do it this time
So you wanna hear
Specially designed for your mind and soldier's ear
Cause n***as nowadays just shoot
(Gunshot)
And f**kin' with the crew
Will get your a** peeled like fruit
And everybody wanna be a Gee
The same sick house n***a mentality
Please, f**kin' with them fake fairytales
N***a, i don't trip cause I still kicks the realiest sh*t
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off
Representin' Allah and I'm raw
Cause I'm god
So I hope you're listenin'

What I'm kickin': It's real
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the sh*t you fear)
Yeah, you better check it why?
Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-a** wanna-be... gees...

Just break it on down...

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill... the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again... again...

So I'm still comin' on with this
(Still comin' strong with sh*t)
Sh*t that'll make ya brain come up wake up
Regonize that it ain't nothin' but a thang
To see a n***a lockdown, underground or in the sweep
And you ain't never gonna take me out cause I...
(...roll up mothaf**kas and i'll break you down to side!)
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this
F**k what you heard
(And watch the devil get served!)

Yeah, so now you know...
Scarface records, Paris...
Still hittin' you with the righterous sh*t...
The funky sh*t...
In the name of Allah...
And it ain't gonna never change...
It don't stop...
It don't never stop...
So back your devil-a** sob off me...
And let me get my field...
Power, yeah!
Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill... the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again... again... Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog...
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist...
And it ain't never gonna change!

PADIS PADIS



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Unleashed.

› Record Label Murder

[Paris:]

Now what would you do, if I blast
All up in yo' sh*t, motherf**k the whole staff
N***as know I flow, nine millimeter sh*tting slugs
I'm seein bloody bodies on the motherf**kin rug
Six o'clock be the time if it's on let it be
You see it in my eyes, ridin through, hella deep
See, b*t*h you ain't gon' do me like you did Da Lench Mob
I'm decorated in this game, I played too motherf**kin long
Now - I ain't gotta name nobody name
All I'm knowin is the whole f**kin roster is complainin
Talkin bout these white boys tryin to do promotion
And white b*t*hes tryin to get f**ked by these soldiers
Talkin with that slang like you down but now hold on
See now that's enough to get yo' devil-a** stole on
F**kin with the wrong n***a, playin with my cash
I'm known for puttin devils on they motherf**kin back
Blast through the front do', what the f**k I'm 'posed to talk?
F**k court, I'll be a dead n***a 'fore you walk
Brownout at nine, had no motherf**kin mercy
So who the sexy n***a, b*t*h record label murder

[Chorus:]

(N***a label murder) Now we fin' to start some sh*t
(That n***a fin' to start) Motherf**kers shoulda quit
(Better have a n***a money) Out for each and every dime
Seem like everytime I turn around
Some janky motherf**ker tryin to take what's mine
(N***a label murder) Got the whole f**kin click
(That n***a fin' to start) Now we fin' to start some sh*t
(Better have a n***a money) Got these n***as out the zoo for the job
Bow down, motherf**ker you can die when we start robbin

[Paris:]

So many times I seen these n***as f**ked up out they chips
'Cause they didn't know the game, only makin 10 percent
Dealin with these f**kin jews, now you losin everytime
How many platinum n***as standin in the county line
Make you wanna get your brick and snatch his a** up out the car
Baby renegotiate, f**kin with them Scars
Now you askin who I'm talkin bout, homey you can pick

This whole industry got n***a sh*t on whitey d**k
And then since I'm a soldier known to speak my f**kin mind
I'ma put you up on game, everytime I start to rhyme
F**k that devil get yo' own man, learn about some sh*t
Or be another broke n***a, tellin what he did
And now I think you know, that I really gives a F**K
Fear no evil 'cause I'm God, let that devil try his luck
Last man standin up, for the truth, say you heard it
These players gettin played homey, record label murder

[Chorus]

› Fair Weather Friendz

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

The year was 1995, another day, another dollar
Bein' up in this game make a brother wanna holla
Welcome to the school of dirty licks and tricky deals
A fair weather friend's and homies that you thought was real
Seen them come, seen them go, seen them down, I seen them out
I seen them on my team until I seen what they about
Funny how they wanna smile, spark them up and say they true
But all the time, these n***as take my kindness for a fool
And I ain't gotta name all these playa-hatin' traitors
Even with the Gemini, motherf**kers couldn't fade us
I made a little song about these jealous-a** counterfeits
Down what it is as long as you pullin' in the grip, sh*t
This is how I do it when I call 'em out
Straight G game comin' from that n***a with the clout
See I'm out to be real straight homie to the end
I'm thorough as they come, f**k a fair weather friend
F**k a fair weather friend

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers

[Verse 2]

And now I take a look around and see how many of them left
Everytime I turn around, my name on somebody breath
Guess it's part of this game, everybody think it's tight
Got me thinkin' out of mind mean a n***a out of sight
Funny how the friendship slip when the man's out
But I remember back when them n***as had they hands out
Beggin' like a b*t*h, can't straight on me
But now I'm scratching n***as off my nuts like fleas
And this one's for them b*t*hes and them fake-a** friends
Peep game, 'cause success is the best revenge
Gotta stay on point, put it down and make a meal

And even though they phony, I'ma still stay real
See I got much love for the ones that's forever true
But n***a if you fake, you can juggle on these nuts, too
I never be a traitor 'cause I'm real to the end
I'm solid as they come, f**k a fair weather friend
For real

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face

[Verse 3]

Yup, true

And all the time they was wishin' they was you
Ain't enough to see a young brother make it on his own
I'm sick from the smell of the jealousy cologne
You see it in my eyes, I'ma be forever true
As long as you be real, I'ma keep it real with you
See I'll always be your road dog homie to the end
I'm thorough as they come, f**k a fair weather friend

And it's like that

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face
Backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
Backstabbers

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers

They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smile in your face

Here we go here we go it's another one of them thangs
N***as better recognize that I'm wise and I'm fin
To make it known that I'm still, the one to call
Each and every one of y'all out, let's see who's real
And who's fake when it come to the funk
I'mma bring it to y'all live and direct, and straight bumpin
I knew you was a b*t*h from the first take
No eye contact with the handshake
Couldn't relates to where I'm comin from, when I came through
With the truth, broken down on the first two
When I first asked the question if you was down
How many punk a** n***as do I gotta clown?
With they a** to the sky, gettin stuck by
The devil in drag, let's see who play the fag
Will you wannabe G's please have a seat
Here we go again, n***a please!
Yeah it's all a part of growin up is what my momma told me
How many trick a** n***as wanna try and mow me?
I guess I gotta be the one to buck
Put your house n***a a** in the dirt and won't give a (f**k)
Like I said, you're better off dead than you would be
If you try to do me, I'm looney, so sue me
Next time I rain on your world with the truth
A solider ain't nothin to fool with

"You can't see what I can see!" You.. can't see what I can see
"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever
"You can't see what I can see!" You can't see what I can see!
"You can't see what I can see!" Whoahaoaha-ahhhh!
One two three, it's the G-U-E
Double-R, I, double-L, A, yellin mayday
Weebie with a street sweeper lookin for the beast
Had me thinkin that I'm less than a man and incomplete
Yo, and ever since I first started rhymin
You motherfu*kers wanna keep me down but I'm still climbin
You know I stay real to the end
Still fifteen deep on two freaks, I go tell a friend
I look around and all I see is these trick a** copycats
With they played out beats and they fake raps
And now I can't call it, it seem

Everybody wanna be a dopehead or an alcoholic
So what you wanna do? N***a do you wanna be
A strong black man or another fool?
Cause I'm comin full grown, and b*t*h
You can take that wannabe G (sh*t) back home
Understand that it's on, like I told ya
Foolin with a street soldier

"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever

Who's that n***a with the big black gat
That's lookin for the payback (lookin for the payback)
Still comin real it's the motherf*ckin bomb
P-Dog in the city that's (sh*tty) like Vietnam
But them mark a** n***as want it soft
Without ever understanding the plan to keep us fallin off
But you better recognize that it's war
Better recognize, black folk runnin out of time
But if you man enough jump n***a (jump n***a)
P-Dog got the pump in the trunk n***a
Better realize that it's much more to life
Than (f**kin), two new shoes, and hisidin
It's like tryin to put a size twelve foot
In a size eight shoe, it just won't do
So act like you knew, and let a real n***a come through
From a street soldier to you, now

"You can't see what I can see!" Hey, you can't see what I can see!
"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever
"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh, you can't see what I can see!
"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh! Noaoahhoooh!

"You can't see what I can see!" (4X)

[Singer]

Music will make things, turn alright
And I will dance til the broad daylight
Check the flow, let it build in me
Cause I know your heartbeat and I'm here to freak
Alright! ... Alright! ... Alright!
Alright

[Computer voice]

Aowww, this sounds familiar
Let me stick my nose in the mix
And see who do I smell, this time
Ahahahahaha!

› Root Of All Evil

[Verse 1]

Who is it? The mothaf**kin' D-O-G
Still spittin' game over tight-a** beats
Get the money 'cause the fame ain't nothin' to me
I be the tightest one servin' but it's never for free
I seen many die on these streets fo' sho'
Over money, wrong looks, cocaine, and ho
Where friendship blows in the wind like dust
See, they used to be yo homies but they ready to bust
You can't trust no man, but some might try
See them come, see them go, see them drop like fly
How many of them fail, just a few succeed
Where fantasy is real and what's real is a dream?
And I been in this game and I done dirt, too
Still down for the struggle but I can't be fooled
Every brother ain't a brother, ain't a damn thing new
Need to take your Million Man March a** to school
And tell

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Verse 2]

They say change is the only thing that stays the same
Take a look around and see how many remain
I'm a vet up in this here, still ten years deep
Gettin' cash, spittin' game over tight-a** beats
Everybody nowadays wanna come up quick
Young soldiers hit licks who can suck on d**ks
But dirt gun in the dark comes the light
Young n***a got AIDS 'cause the kitty was right
Now what you know, and what you see?
And where you from, and who you be?
'Cause everybody got skeletons in the cut

And peace to the homies in the pen locked up
I said, it's like a jungle sometimes, it made me wonder
How I keep from going under, who gone be the one the
Change things 'cause it seem ain't no hope
Scratch his name off the list if he come up short
And tell

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Verse 3]

They say the world keep turnin' and life goes on
Some others start slippin' while some stay strong
The old pain goes away with the pa**age of time
P-Dog is on the mic, still spittin' the rhyme
And if you ask me, you know I couldn't be much help
Real n***as understand, gotta do for yourself
'Cause ain't nothin' comin' if you don't apply
And don't nobody really care if n***as' livin' or dyin'
I fold up them up like a crease, breeze through the weak fleas
On my sack gets scratched, now who's who in this rap game
Late pa** on my haters 'cause I still blitz them
Shoulda kept ya mouth shut 'cause you got it twisted
Real soldiers don't die, we just re-adjust
While some might try, they can't touch this
Street soldier with a capital S
P-Dog sayin', "F**k the rest!"
Tell me is it really real

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes

So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Outro]

See it's the root of all evil

› Conversation

[Verse 1]

Still in this b*t*h, ninety-eight is just another year
I murder money drama b*t*hes, that fall in piers
Comin' out the city where no pity be a way of life
When n***as quick to bust a cap in you to earn they stripes
Ain't nothin' changed in these West coast killin' fields
I seen so many homies die that I ain't got no feeling
So I handles mine, pack a strap and keep on strivin'
And quick to let these n***as if it get down to violent
Cause these haters ain't no friends to me, they make it plain
But I refuse to be a victim of these ghetto games
Break away from all the stress, bullsh*t and aggravation
And now I'm quick to blast if you want a confrontation
But it seem like every time I turn around it's drama
Hella flowers, coffee drinkin', and cryin' mama
Somethin' tellin' me this madness ain't gon' never stop
So I keep strivin' fo' the top

[Hook]

Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth
Understand these cowards fold when these n***as shoot
Understand this rap sh*t is just another way
Just another lick where motherf**kers gettin' paid
It really ain't the same as it was in the past
Back when sh*t was new, n***as thought that it would last
Understand this rap game is just another front
Just another way for motherf**kers comin' up, and it's like that

[Verse 2]

So what's the ticket out the ghetto for these young players?
Slangin' dope, playin' ball or bein' rhyme sayers
They want the money fast, f**k school, that ain't what's happenin'
So some of them n***as got together and they started rappin'
And it would be like who the tightest on the microphone
Makin' demos in the basement of they mama's home
And 'fore you know it n***as got theyself a record deal
And now they makin' money, doin' what they love for real
Limousines, fast cash, and autographs
Groupie hoes after every show be workin' the staff
And magazines givi'n love cause they sh*t is best
Unless of course it's The Source and you from the West

Now mama's braggin' cause they baby's on the television
And they livin' every day like it's Thanksgiving
But you know, what they say if it sound too good to be true, it probably is
That's the music biz

[Hook]

Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth
Understand these cowards fold when these n***as shoot
Understand this rap sh*t is just another way
Just another lick where motherf**kers gettin' paid
It really ain't the same as it was in the past
Back when sh*t was new, n***as thought that it would last
Understand this rap game is just another front
Just another way for motherf**kers comin' up, and it's like that

[Verse 3]

I'm twenty-eight and I've been in the game since eighty-six
World tours, cash money, and hella hits
Done seen these rap stars disappear like civil rights
And go from po' to rich to po' again, overnight
So many perils in this game if yo' team is faulty
That's why my lawyer keep these motherf**kin' devils off me
And freak b*t*hes be, quick to set you up by playin'
That pu**y game like, you the daddy or you rapin'
See dumb n***as get they money took, tryin' to be
That motherf**ker on the television out with Robin Leach
A couple of cars, hella clothes, and before you know it
That n***a to' back, hella broke with nothin' showin'
So here's a little game from a homey that's still playin'
The mo' sh*t you see a n***a with, the mo' he payin'
In this rap life, nothin' what it seem to be
I hope you motherf**kers feel me, that's reality

[Hook]

Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth
Understand these cowards fold when these n***as shoot
Understand this rap sh*t is just another way
Just another lick where motherf**kers gettin' paid
It really ain't the same as it was in the past
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[Hook]

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PAPERS

**WARNING:
CONTAINS HARD TRUTH**

Experience The Uncensored Project
The U.S. Government and Recording
Establishment Don't Want You To
Hear Due To It's Political Content
THE RETURN OF REAL HIP-HOP



FEATURING:

• Dead Prez • Public Enemy
• Capelton and • Kam

Produced By Paris

SONIC JIHAD

› Field Nigga Boogie

[Verse 1]

Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-a** rap made the game corrupt
P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
Puttin' wood on they a** can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
In a no spin-zone f**k a scandalous b*t*h
It's the return of the Bush Killa back to bust
Just us for the justice, In God We Trust
I rush truth to the youth - and shine the light
Take the red pill, open up ya eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
See us overthrow the hold of this devil control
And roll deep - (keep it underground for the streets)
I'm the last cell - (hit em outta bounds, retreat)
We like ants in this war dance, if one falls
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

Raw sh*t

HELL YEAH

It's the raw sh*t

HELL YEAH

Do you want the raw sh*t?

HELL YEAH

Everybody Sayin'

That's the Bomb -(what?) That's the Bomb

Gotta have the raw sh*t

HELL YEAH

Comin' with the raw sh*t

HELL YEAH

Do you need the raw sh*t?

HELL YEAH

Everybody Sayin'

That's the Bomb -(come on) That's the Bomb

[Verse 2]

I bust a shot and these pigs all dash like renta cops

These punk a** devils'll never stop

F**k 'em all, I draw, they fall

B*t*h, I was raw, ballin' back in the days of "yes y'all's"

Gotta make a fuss, n***a bust an' ride

See it in my eyes, speak truth or die
Amerikkka's the motherf**kin' beast and I'm
Still the same, n***a snatchin' sheets for mine
Back on the map, and we fade to black
F**k rap, see us pickin' off pigs with straps
And bust on they compound, take control
Of the precinct, leave 'em all stank an' cold
It's no justice no motherf**kin' peace, say it
No justice no motherf**kin' peace, believe
Long as n***as gettin' beat by these pigs we shoot
Outta coupes - f**k peace and the boys in blue, we do the

Raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
It's the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you want the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(what?) That's the Bomb
Gotta have the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Comin' with the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you need the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(come on) That's the Bomb
[Verse 3]
To protect and to serve is a myth to us
They protect they sh*t and serve sticks to us
F**k a waterhose n***a, those days is thru
All a pig's gotta do nowadays is shoot
But who police the police when they
Beat brothers to the ground like - everyday
What I'm sayin', what if n***as start shootin' 'em back?
Spit caps outta gats 'till the beast collapse?
With an eye for an eye, ain't no time to play
With an eye for an eye - it's the Amerikkkan way
Do it big see the jig split wigs of foes
Bust shots at these pigs - n***a dig the flow and
Hear us all say "power to the people" combined

Hold court in the streets 'till these pigs comply
N***as got no choice but to ride or die
Put this beast on it's back - genocide's the plight, we bring the

Raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
It's the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you want the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(what?) That's the Bomb
Gotta have the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Comin' with the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you need the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(come on) That's the Bomb
Unless ya wanna live on your knees, throw down (4x)

› Sheep to the Slaughter

Easily I approach, the microphone, in this land of jokes
Can't leave it alone, cause ya know, I could see right though
Corrupt plans and these bullsh*t scams and untruths
We livin' in a maze, different days and times
The world is a stage, most truth is a lie
In this propaganda matrix, the sheep just die
For these murderous conservatives with corporate ties
Deny knowledge of the truth, ignorin' the poor
They just human ammunition for these capital wars
Just human ammunition and collateral d
That's why millions of us holla risin' up in the streets
And when ya see me understand I'm representin' a voice
The majority would feel if ever given a choice
I don't need this seedy media they only annoy
Cause the only ones that wanna scrap ain't never deployed
Who do the fightin' for these rich white folks, and they wars
No it ain't Drew Carey, Dennis Miller or stars
Fox News, Mike Savage, Bruce Willis or Rush
Won't be MSNBC, CNN or a Bush
Never Toby Keith, Hannity, O'Reilly or Clint
Ain't ClearChannel - know they ain't supportin' dissent
Ain't Blair, Kid Rock, or Tom Cruise or vows
Of James Woods, Rob Lowe, Tom Selleck or Powell
Not Arnold Schwarzenegger, he ain't gonna shoot, or
Ted Nugent cause in war the targets got weapons too
Ain't Cheney, Rumsfeld, Halliburton or Ridge
Or Ann Coulter, or Joseph Lieberman or the rich
Or any b*t*h up in congress, they just make laws
When it comes to fightin' - we the ones that end up in gauze
So when you say "support that murderer," I have no applause
Even if he got his jumpsuit on - we pay the cost

› Spilt Milk

Yeah...still ridin'...we still ridin'...P-Dog
N***a we without flaws you comin' without balls
Still down for the cause...P-Dog...now who really raw?...B*t*h

Boom Boom in the night - so now we fight
Caps peel, piggies squeal - who wrong or right?
Street soldier kill em slow - homicidal
We dogs in a sea of b*t*hes - ain't crack a smile
Soundin' off the battle cry - we draw the line
F**k around and crack his spine - for all his crimes
B*t*h devil still ain't learned - just like his pops
Wanna make these bullets burn - with twenty shots
Propogators of the peace - we never ceased
But never listened to our pleas - so now he bleeds
Like Oklahoma city Timmy - It won't be pretty
Catch him in a subcomittee - and have no pity
Look at all the people we got - with Sonic Jihad
Last Cell never see us - now what you thouht?
Swervin to these dj mixes - we ridin' sixes
AMG with chrome centers - twenty inches
East coast west coast - we stay composed
Love us everywhere we goes - the people know
Holdin' down the sh*t we buildin' - Guerrilla Funk
Even though the milk is spillin' - I'm in your trunk holla

[Hook] w/ Capelton
Ridin' dirty through they downtown feelin no love around town
Now some be tryin' to clown but how many can hold they ground now
Labels be abusive confusin with what they choosin'
And these stations mistakenly contemplatin' us losin'
We bruisin' all these faulty a** critics - and these emcees
That coward a** rap sh*tted - they wannabes
Labels never made the culture - you got it twisted
So recognize these f**kin' vultures - and where they fit in

[Hook] w/ Capelton
Now tell me how many devils prone - to do me wrong
Try to fit they mittens on - my provalone
The radio'll never play it - we never heard

They only love us killin n***as, and slangin birds

Guerrillafunk.com - we keep it bomb

Give the people what they want - with every song

With raw sh*t we keep it mannish - don't get it twisted

And motherf**k these cowards plans - we keep upliftin'

[Hook] w/ Capelton

› Tear Shit Up

[Intro]

Bringing you back what you missed in hip-hop

Hard Truth Solder Radio

A GuerrillaFunk.com presentation

[Verse 1 – Paris]

You in tune to the most dangerous crew on file

Who get mashed mash on—b*t*h, get wild

With these field n***a serenades, we break wide

In the land of the weak, home of the slave, we rise

To protect. They servin' us with sticks and shots

But who protect us from these murderous cops?

Who's heroes? You could keep your flags—I'm out

I'll wrap a chain around the precinct and burn sh*t down

F**k the police, I'm thinkin' how to feed my seed

Bumping DP's, bailin' down the block on D's

It's the same sh*t every day

Seem the more a n***a build, they wanna take away

Like a slave, when you can't eat you can't sleep

Can't seem to find peace. Only thing the streets see is police and poverty

B*t*h, don't start with me—I can't fade

The bullsh*t noise that the radio play

Where the world wanna be like and talk like and act like

And rap like the black life is all gats and crack pipes

I'll spit right. N***a, what? My sh*t's tight

Who snitched. N***a or b*t*h to choose sides

When we roam, we beat back Attack of the Clones

What kinda sh*t y'all n***as is on? We hit home

And spill so the people could feel this real talk

From the Bay and all them between to New York

Holla

[Hook]

What we gotta do is tear sh*t up (x8)

[Verse 2 – Paris]

This the way we bomb when we come around

Still keep it on the map for the underground

F**k the system, I'mma holla with a black fist

It's hard truth. Where my soldiers? We still blitz

And who's who with these gangstas, see a vet

These rap n***as or the government? Take a guess
See, we blessed with the speech that could reach oppressed communities
Worldwide, so we don't waste time. We stress freedom
And serve 'em with the style (what)
Motherf**k smilin' (what)
Who wanna ride (what)
Rally up the crowd (what)
Full hollow tips (what)
Cyanide squibs (what)
Power to the people with rocks, banana clips
See us struggle for the streets, motherf**k the bling
Nowadays, radio make it harder to bring
Real sh*t to the people—it's deeper than me
They entice with the conflict, ice, and blow trees
Corporatized by the vile—they smile and fill
Black bodies in the pen—it's the men they kill
3 strikes, whose life? Not my life, yours
Put the men in the prison, turn the women to w****s
Ignore cries of the people—but time is up
Stay tuned for the sequel—we buildin' to bust
Goin' AWOL. F**k all laws—I wanna attack
This bullsh*t, hold 'em accountable for they acts
[Hook]
What we gotta do is tear sh*t up (x8)

[Verse 3: M-1, dead prez]
Militant and political, Guevara M-1
I wipe the smile off you many mouths, meld like a gun
And I remember '99, goin' on tour with Big Pun
Gettin' this fast rap cash from them six-week runs
See, I done learned from them generals with wild entourages
F**kin' like rabbits but don't wanna be fathers
F**kin' up they hotel room, stay on some star sh*t
Know your role, play you position—rule 4
You know you can't fade it, it's gang truce-related
We bang for change, hittin'—no game, you can't hate it
I wanna slap Bush and his mammy
For how he did the Haitians in Miami
That's my fam—coupe tete boule kay
So please die, cracka die
That's for 22 generations of genocide
You see that's why we get high—just to get by

See, we sit and wait until it's dark outside and then we ride
On our enemies. You can depend on me
If you a pig, then you can't be no friend of me
See, it's been 33 years since Fred been gone
He was murdered on the same day Jay-Z was born
For real. 12-4-69. Same year
When they take one from us, then another appears
We gon' take this time to commemorate
NRD: National Revolutionary Day. Say:
[Hook]
What we gotta do is tear sh*t up (x8)

› Freedom

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho (2x)

(Paris)
We come back to the days of - grenades up
Black fist raised up - we stay rough
Come this way cause - the game f**ked
Can't stay away from - the main stuff

Still bust when we ride, still game
Still bust any time, f**k fame
Still rhyme under pressure, still bangin'
Still prime, n***as wetcha, still aimin'

Still put a fist in - the system
Still kill a killa cop, we still win
Still be the one to expose the beast (when it's)
Still un-American to be for peace (yeah)

Revenge is a dish best served with steel
If it's on then, lets get it on for real
Can't shut us up - cut us down - never regret
F**k Bush, I'mma say it loud - raisin' a fist - we holla
(Chorus)

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

(M1 - Dead Prez)
RBG'd up, yeah, ready to get freed up
Bangin' on the system, ready to turn the heat up
Malcolm X c*cktail, ready to burn the streets up
Holla if ya hear me big homie, it's time to eat somthin'

Picture me rollin', me Paris and Chuck D'd up
D**kies and white tee'd up, throwin' them O.G.s love
Listen up, rule number 1 is no snitchin'

Switch up and you gon' have to eat a clip up 'till you hiccup

(Stic - Dead Prez)

My reality is poverty, police brutality

How I came into this revolutionary mentality

Comin' up in my hood, it's an everyday thang

N***as is hungry and starvin' that's why n***as bang

The O.G.s put me up on the jewels of the game

Ain't no wins in the street if you comin' up lame

That's why I walk how I walk and I claim what I claim

Red, Black to the Green with a gangsta lean

(Chorus)

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

(Paris)

Rebels at it come again

That's why we conspire so you never win

Keep it calmer when we ride so you never seein'

N***as aim between the eyes so you never mend

Field n***as in the front be the first to bust

GuerrillaFunk.com who you gon' trust?

With all this talk about the war they forgettin' us

Broke schools and abuse made the noose a must

Holla black - f**k a pig and these killers wars

Around the world every border it's the same story

Anywhere that it's color it ain't never peace

Africa, South America and Middle East

Move in packs bust back at these killa foes

Reach first make the heat spurts so he know

No blood for the rich - they been exposed

Now it's power to the people everywhere I go - and everybody's sayin..

(Chorus)

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

» Ain't No Love

[Intro: Paris]

Yeah, this is another story of famous dogs
Where the dog that don't keep it real is a b*t*h
These are rappin' dogs, soldier dogs, harmonic dogs
House dogs, street dogs
Dogs of the world, unite

[Verse 1: Paris]

Bye, bye sh*tty luck, skinny ducats
High side, many bucks, t**ty f**kin'
Smash on these Corleones, snatchin' fetti
Westside n***as roam, but y'all ain't ready
Every city, every borough, every town
Every ghetto comin' through, we touchin' down
When I spit, they all scatter, battle cry
Worldwide, it don't matter - who wanna ride?
Return of the street pros, killer foes
Expose what you need to know, Guerrilla flows
Still on that same sh*t, same time
Still from that same clique, same side
Real n***as ain't impressed by the stories they bring
When it's all said and done, y'all remember my name
F**k a Corleone, n***a, we grown, now what you sayin'?
It's all about the chedda, but beware what you claimin'

[Verse 2: Kam]

Y'all n***as really wanna see us dead, huh? We too militant
Always on that pro-black, cracka jack killin' sh*t
I picked up a few cuts, scrapes, and raw abrasions
Collectin' my cheese and checkin' these Caucasians
Cause when you killin' n***as on a record then you goin' places
But talk about killin' these crackas, you racist
That's why crackas and flies, I do despise
The more I see these crackas, the more I like flies
Look into my eyes before I pull this trigger, I don't know what's worse
A black cracka or a white n***a, who should I do first?
I write a verse and have 'em runnin' scared, turnin' red, protestin'
I just be blastin', don't be askin' no questions, holmes
'Til the smoke clear, cause folks here know
The difference between a G and some Holly-weirdo

What you in fear fo'? Losin' your life or your money?
All these coward-a** fake thugs, a.k.a. Bugs Bunnies
[Chorus]

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

[Verse 2: Paris]
So I fiend for the days when the funk was king
'Fore these pop sl*ts sh*tted on my video screen
'Fore these Bow Wow Wow Yippee Yos and hoes
Before n***as street clothes turned to platinum and gold
 Before videos made 'em all fantasy macks
'Fore blingin', we was singin' what it mean to be black
 Now these b*t*hy b*t*hy boy bands causin' a fuss
 And every n***a rappin' thinkin' thuggin' is us
I'm bustin' pro-black, comin' with rough raps, I catch these
 Hollywood shuffles by they motherf**kin' ruffles
 And rough 'em up, see, and f**k them tricks
'Comin' phony, all them cowards know is blingin' and Kris
 But this poolside fantasy, lovin'-a** wannabe
 Record label Superfly, n***a, eat sh*t and die
 State-of-mind mentality is blind to me
 See I'd die 'fore I live on my knees, believe
[Interlude]
You know it ain't no love, no love for these
You know it ain't no love, no love for these
You know it ain't no love, no love for these
 Don't you know it ain't no

» Lay Low

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

It's my hood, I been livin' here for seventeen years

Boy I done got jumped, my car done got shot up

I done got shot at, I been to jail, three, fo' times

"I want parents to simply wake up, to take responsibility for our own kids. It's time to take action! It's time to wake up and stop sleeping!"

[Verse 1: Paris]

Peace, what's happenin' rookie?

It's been a while since I been gone, just tryin' to fall in

Ain't nothin' new, sh*t, I keep it mannish

It's different now than when I was out, let's examine

What's happenin', junior? What's goin' down?

How the women actin, heard you was crushin 'em in the town

Look good don't they? Hell yeah, shoulda saw

The ones last week at the mall, hella raw

And all tryin' to come up, like video queens

So fine they make some of us do the stupidest things

But be careful though, get caught up, know what you doin

F**k around and be a teenage pop, and life is ruined

How ya momma doin? She cool, is that right?

Seen your sister last week at the bank, lookin tight

Keep yo' eyes on her, cause n***as, nowadays

Always lookin for some new ones to train, so many ways

And I'm amazed, but not amused as such

We all brothers but some of us gettin caught in the clutch

Another, day go by another, day's the same

Another, day of strife I say a, prayer for change

But I can't complain, and if I did, so what?

The best we can do is try to find the truth and come up

I'm still bangin' on these tracks, still keep hope for us

Yeah I'm back, still rough on wax, and still bust

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

E'rybody gotta do their own thang

See the whole world goin' insane

Hope to see sun, it'll be rain

We lay low, lay low, lay low

E'rybody tryin' to maintain

Brothers gonna work out in the end

'Til we get peace it'll be pain

And they know, they know, they know

[Verse 2: Paris]

What's on your mind? What, your homie died?

Over what, some bullsh*t? Is that right?

I known him since back in the days, we was tight

Used to date his older sister back in late '85

I just wonder why, the sh*t don't make no sense

How many gotta die befo' these n***as convinced?

Death is final every day for my people I'm prayin'

Seems so many lose our futures f**kin 'round in the game

A motherf**kin shame, another life is ruined

Know you wanna ride but gunnin for them n***as is useless

See we all confused, damn, but everything is a test

Don't let ego and emotions be the reason you slip

Cause though your boys might fall, fall for doin wrong

Friends drop like drawers, nobody mobbin 'like the law

And we don't need no more in the pen or at war

It's open season every brother on the street is a target, believe

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

E'rybody gotta do their own thang

See the whole world goin' insane

Hope to see sun, it'll be rain

We lay low, lay low, lay low

E'rybody tryin' to maintain

Brothers gonna work out in the end

'Til we get peace it'll be pain

And they know, they know, they know

[Verse 3: Paris]

Now even though I'm anti-pop, I still rise

And though it seem it ain't gon' stop, I still rise

Above this bullsh*t hip-hop, I still rise

Supply, wise words, disguised in rhyme verse

I curse, what these n***as is sayin, ain't nothin' real

Just fairy tales of pimpin' these sisters and makin' mail

I see 'em pose, see the b*t*hy roles they play

See these videos they sh*tty, see the way we portrayed

See these sellin'-out acts just sellin' our rap

Believe wannabe macks with powerhouse tracks

Redefined black manhood, defied Allah
We rise up, f**k this bullsh*t, survival or die
See them thuggin', n***as muggin' with that criminal pout
See 'em frown in every photo, see that sh*t in they mouth
See 'em tattered, lookin' battered, chasin' pu**y and weed
Makin' hookers out of queens, every video feed
I see these labels sit back, push this sh*t like crack
Now every record every act, got you thinkin' it's black
To act a fool, chasin' pu**y like it's hard to get
I see these crackers think it's cool, bein' n***as for chips
I split jiggaboo chins, a***yze these trends
If it's down to me and them I'm sendin' flowers to kin
Ain't nothin' easy in this world, struggle makes the man
Don't let these motherf**kers do you understand the plan, believe

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

E'rybody gotta do their own thang
See the whole world goin' insane
Hope to see sun, it'll be rain
We lay low, lay low, lay low
E'rybody tryin' to maintain
Brothers gonna work out in the end
'Til we get peace it'll be pain
And they know, they know, they know
E'rybody gotta do their own thang
See the whole world goin' insane
Hope to see sun, it'll be rain
We lay low, lay low, lay low
E'rybody tryin' to maintain
Brothers gonna work out in the end
'Til we get peace it'll be pain
And they know, they know, they know

► Life Goes On

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro: Conesha Owens]

Ho-ah-oh

Ho-oh-ha

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Ah-hah-ah

[Verse 1: Paris]

In the beginning, there was confrontations in these streets

Cause these police beat us - we tired of runnin', f**k peace

Young brothers born to fail, skippin' bail, helluva start

Could it be them b*t*hes was hatin' cause our skin was too dark?

Handed down his sentence, he got no reason to live

A twenty-five-to-life n***a never knowin' his kids

That's how they do it to us, it seem we caught in between

Another one, wastin' away for what he did in his teens

Life is hard, situation on these streets is critical

Everybody chasin' dough, if them ain't your folks, then here we go

If we ridin', then let's ride, do-or-die, homicide

But tell me the reason for lost lives

Could it be we all caught up in a scandalous system?

Fallin' through the cracks, blinded by the lies we given

Seen these G's on these streets bleed freely but why?

It seem too many of us born to die

But life goes on, and on situation in time

How many lost souls molded by a criminal mind?

From the Bay in California, to the streets of the east

Can't be no justice without no peace, believe

(Life goes on)

[Chorus: Conesha Owens]

No matter what they say or do

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby

Won't doubt ya baby

And no matter, I'ma keep it true

And together we gon' make it through

I'm about ya baby

Ain't livin' without ya baby

[Verse 2: Paris]

A ruthless cycle of thugs, coppers, drugs

Helicopters, blood, spitting choppers, slugs

Who could stop to love this lifestyle juveniles embracin'?

I'm lacin' adolescents with lessons, no one could beat these cases I'm chasin'

My compet**ors, no need for a spot

Conversation keep these cowards off my stick when I bust

Forget Versache-watchy Cartier playas, I'm still the same

But I can't condone the phony 'cause I'm prone to be me

Now what you sayin' huh? (Life goes on)

From the Atlantic to the Bay, what? (Life goes on)

To all my people gettin' paid, huh? (Life goes on)

Never forgettin' where you came from (Life goes on)

Fa' sho

[Pre-Chorus]

Now keep on strivin' and survivin'

Don't let life get down on you (That's right)

Forget these haters that betray

Mistakin' kindness for a fool (What?)

Keep your head up, don't get fed up

Keep on doin' what you do

For all true players in this game of life

You got to know the rules (True)

(But life goes on)

[Chorus: Conesha Owens]

No matter what they say or do

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby

Won't doubt ya baby

And no matter, I'ma keep it true

And together we gon' make it through

I'm about ya baby

Ain't livin' without ya baby

No matter what they say or do

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby

Won't doubt ya baby

And no matter, I'ma keep it true

And together we gon' make it through

I'm about ya baby

Ain't livin' without ya baby

[Post-Chorus: Paris]

Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up

[Verse 3: Paris]

Now that's one too many times, more than three had to die

Forty-five's got to spittin', six-thirty was the time

Seven years gone by, eight of us done been deceased

Nine times outta ten, somebody bleedin' in these streets

Tell me what's the reason? Trial date's the Tenth

These juveniles in wild life smile upon your death

Went from kids to killas, fun lovin' to felonies

Could it be we self-destructin' in this rush for the cheese?

Everybody in this world gone crazy

See money and murder be the measure of a man everyday

Separate from the fake, break bustas for how they livin'

Cause some takin' better care of their cars than of their kids

And it still seem we caught up in a scandalous system

Fallin' through the cracks, blinded by the lies we given

Seen these G's in these streets bleed freely, but why?

It seem too many of us born to die

(But life goes on)

[Chorus: Conesha Owens]

No matter what they say or do (Say or do)

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby (Oh-ho-ah)

Won't doubt ya baby (Oh-ho-ah-wow-ow)

And no matter, I'ma keep it true (Keep it true)

And together we gon' make it through

I'm about ya baby

Ain't livin' without ya baby

No matter what they say or do

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby

Won't doubt ya baby

And no matter, I'ma keep it true
And together we gon' make it through
I'm about ya baby
Ain't livin' without ya baby

[Post-Chorus: Paris]

Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up

[Outro: Paris]

Yeah

» You Know My Name

[Verse 1]

About this scratch, I blast, pa** the mask, we mash
Careenin' though these back streets, gats gleam in my lap
A shame it came to this, aimin' cause them n***as don't listen
The sweat is glistenin', I grimace, 'bout to service these sentences
On the trigger, I know them n***as, soon as we start
And get the clip to spittin', counterfeits'll sh*t in they drawers
Don't really want none, but somethin' got them n***as mistaken
Thinkin' that music make 'em safe, I cross 'em out with a K
Now renegades, disperse, att**udes get worse
You'll see these n***as on the news if I burst and get 'em first
Servin' all these nut swallowin' followers in they mouth
Spittin' clips in they Impalas, Inshallah and we out
What we about, is justice and freedom, f**k the rest
Black women more than a**es and breast
I test any n***a disagreein', pee on wannaGs, remember me?
P-Dog, motherf**ka I'm raw, follow my lead
Now f**k 'em if they famous, we ventilate they craniums
Entertainers know they places, if they fake then we aimin
I pray and blaze, comin' fully raised, obey
I'm on that Che, make these n***as behave, now what you sayin'?

[Chorus]

You Know My Name (P-Dog)
Motherf**ka we raw, who claimin' Mob Boss without no balls, them n***as soft
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
I'm blitzin' n***as with hits, they counterfeits but they still talk sh*t without a clip
You Know My Name (P-Dog)

We see them bustas and rush 'em with no discussion, let the battle cry sound, we puts it
down

You Know My Name (P-Dog)
Ain't nothin' funny at all, I'd rather blast, put these n***as in casts, f**k all ay'all

[Verse 2]

Since we servin' I'm puttin' brothers on alert
Put the first n***a trippin' in dirt, don't leave 'em hurt
Way too heinous, we show 'em our demeanor is meanest
Who wanna see us when I pop? The soldier sh*t don't stop
F**k any cop, you know how we do, so glad to meet you
If you haven't heard, I'm raisin' the curb, hopin' you see through
These plastic-a** Nittis, Corleones and Locs

Leave these n***as lookin' sh*tty, Noriegas is jokes
Now call your folks and let 'em know
Paris wreckin' any n***a imitatin' these crackas upon they records
See me check 'em, these b*tches rather switch then fight
While n***as civil rights dwindle Kristal is what they into
But I refrain, they petty as change, complain
N***as playahatin' but ain't knowin' the game
I shame cowards like a scarlet letter, I'm much better
Leave these n***as chasin' chedda impaired, I think they scared
Step into my lair, careers crushed
While my 2-strike n***as test nuts
I'm thumbnin' through my Murderdog, n***as all look like clones
Same clothes, same fake-a** pose, you know my motherf**kin' name

[Chorus]

(P-Dog)

Motherf**ka we raw, who claimin' Mob Boss without no balls, them n***as soft

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

I'm blitzin' n***as with hits, they counterfeits but they still talk sh*t without a clip

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

We see them bustas and rush 'em with no discussion, let the battle cry sound, we puts it
down

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

Ain't nothin' funny at all, I'd rather blast, put these n***as in casts, f**k all ay'all

[Outro]

It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life

› Evil

[Intro]

They don't mind you givin' the latest rap, they don't mind your being hoes, they don't mind your being b*t*hes, they don't mind you being whatever image that Viacom and BET can come up with. But what they don't want you to know that you're the ones that can redefine civilization if you take time to do it

[Verse 1]

It's a Guerrilla Funk-orchestrated counterattack
Formulate and infiltrate 'em so the people react
See if I was wicked I would pick and stick to a plan
To rule the world and trick 'em, this is how it'd began
See I'd have to find a way to keep the people enslaved
Behave, teach the babies it's my way or the grave
And start with the body, workin' labor for free
And give 'em fake religion so they worshippin' me
And see and when the free labor play out, I'd let it go
But only after I made enough to control
Then I'd tell 'em that the afterlife is better than this
And that they should love their enemies when faced with contempt
I'd persist with some history that I would rewrite
In a school system where I'd keep the money too tight
I'd let 'em all know just where they belong in my world
Turn the boys into felons, makin' hookers of girls
Swirled up in my plan, build jails to keep
All my prisons full of n***as, have 'em workin' for free
See with ghetto-economics in check, I'd keep 'em broke
Teach 'em only to respect sports, music and dope
Control the content of lyrics, now only the sound
Of sex, dope and murder in a song is allowed
Tell 'em "N***as ain't sh*t" every move that they make
And that black is dirty so they never try to be great
Can you relate? I'd laugh, watch 'em murder for scraps
Set it up so they'd die over crack I provide
Do it right, and I'd see they try to be like me
Try to be the biggest G up in these murderous streets
I'd teach, manhood means how many women ya f**k
How many babies you can make, responsibility ducked
F**k a job, real men are pimps, that's what I'd teach
And if b*t*hes wanna trip, then them b*t*hes get beat
I'd see it all through, never lose and pa** a new law

Give 'em 3 strikes so the men are constantly gone
Yeah, if I was evil they would think I do no wrong
See it's lethal how I keep 'em in their place so long, believe

[Hook]

I got my eyes upon you, and all the things that you do
Some close they eyes but mine can see, all the evil surroundin' me
So what I'm 'posed ta do, when I can see right through?
Expose the lies and snatch the sheets, fight the evil surroundin' me

[Verse 2]

After all is said and done here and I could afford
I'd concentrate deeply on controllin' abroad
And think about a way to take control of they land
I'd create a virus made to murder people en ma**e
Last time was Tuskegee, but now it's for real
House Bill 15090 would just kill
With germs that would murder with sperm and blood drips
And kill 'em all worser than burned, they'd die quick
See to understand, you could witness the plan
Through the green-monkey sham they would think it began
And while we argue over the cost, they'd all die
With generations all being lost with no fight
I'd continue with the pain, make it oh so plain
I'd manipulate the market for my capital gain
Keep the people all broke and confused and undercla**ed
Give my homies all executive bonuses through the crash
And if the heat get too hot, I'd plant a bomb
Or wreck a plane, just like Hitler back in the day
And scare all the people, they'd forget about me
They'd forget about elections and the way that we cheated
See me blame it on a foreigner and non-white men
Celebrate my gestapo with a positive spin
Then manipulate the media - it's U.S. first
Get the stupid-a** public to agree with my words
Then I'd make the play, takin' all their freedoms away
Incarcerate anybody that'll get in my way
Make 'em censor any media that challenge the mold
Give 'em bullsh*tty shows just like Anna Nicole's
Control the message in the music, it's gangsta fo' sho
Give 'em diamonds, never tell 'em 'bout the conflict zones
Never tell 'em 'bout the murder in Sierra Leone
Never tell 'em how the diamonds make 'em murder their own

It's all too easy, if I was evil that's how I'd rock it
Make sure that my propaganda won't ever stop it
 Got 120 channels, but it's nothin' to watch
 Now 11:55 be the time on the clock, believe

› AWOL

[Intro]

And you don't hear none of those stations, for hip-hop and R&B playin' him, ask why
In fact, where are those stations today?
Somebody better ask somebody that
The people that's most affected, by this war
Are the so-called hip-hop generation

[Interlude 1: Recruiter]

The Army is the best kept secret in the whole world
That every soldier gets his or her own private room
You can forget that old brown boot image of the Army
It's a job like anything else, you'd love it, all the soldiers do

[Verse 1]

I remember how it started, remember the time
I was watchin' Rap City 'bout a quarter to nine
Commercial said the military givin' money for school
Caught the bus up to my campus, they were signin' recruits
And met this dude named Diablo (Hello), was some kind of vet ('Sup?)
He explained the situation told me what to expect, he said
(Now we'll help you pay for college and train you for work)
Said I could take computer cla**es and could quit if I want
But best of all was the fact I'd have my own sh*t
I'd have my own space and have my own place to kick it
On top of that I'd travel, and visit the world
Hell, Diablo said the women overseas was the pearl
Didn't even call my girl, let's get it on fo' sho'
Signed my name, took some tests, and I was outta the do'
A true soldier for America, ready to go
On the road a vacation'll be good for the soul

[Chorus]

Don't matter what they sayin' now
They lyin' what they say fo' sho'
They don't play when it come to war
They get down, they get down, they get down

[Verse 2]

I showed up at basic training, but what a mistake
Cause this motherf**ker yellin at me all in my face
In this dirty-a** latrine, fifty men in a room

Runnin' laps up in the mud at four o'clock in the morning
I'm scrubbin' toilets, doin' laundry, and feelin' the pain
If I didn't know no better, I'd think "Boy" was my name
 Same bullsh*t line so many bit 'fore me
 Got a n***a twisted up in this illusion of freedom
 F**k this sh*t, I'm out tomorrow, made up my mind
 Everything Diablo said I'm findin' out was a lie
 That's when my unit got the call, the Commander in Chief
 Wanted ground troop a**ignments keeping peace in the East
 What a relief, I'm thinkin finally somethin new
 Shipped us off and twenty hours later, we was en route
 Touched down around eleven, the desert was brutal
Then the ground split and caught us by surprise from the shootin'

[Interlude 2]

"Engage! Engage! Open fire!"
"Take cover! Take cover!"
"Get down! Fire!"
[Chorus]
Don't matter what they sayin' now
They lyin' what they say fo' sho'
They don't play when it come to war
They get down, they get down, they get down
Don't matter what they sayin' now
They lyin' what they say fo' sho'
They don't play when it come to war
They get down, they get down, they get down

[Verse 3]

It was all surreal, seen 'em blow the spine out his back
In the minefield, we was reelin' from the attack
Seen the MO's hand upon the receiver, still attached
With an alarm on it, set off the beacon, then I mashed
Who the first truck, blood and guts splash in my face
Cuttin' kids down, couldn'ta been no older than eight
What the f**k is goin' on, who we fightin' and why
Killin' kids, killin' killers, who the f**k is supplyin'?
I'm cryin' out for protection, but none of it came
So I dumped in all directions 'til the heater was drained
But that night vision sh*t wasn't helping us win
Caught a round of friendly fire, but it wasn't so friendly
We simply got lucky, headed back to the base

Seen a soldier rape a woman, shot her dead in the face
Guts stuck to my clothes, body parts galore
If this a peacekeepin' mission, I ain't ready for war
And now I'm back home bitter, and sick and contagious
And I'm knowin' we some bullies, that's why everyone hate us
Still broke than a motherf**ker, n***as is starvin'
And that job trainin' sh*t is only good for the Army
I guess I should have been a CO, and kept up a file
Shoulda listened when my homies said we murder for oil
Now I'm f**kin' with this wheelchair, ain't nothin' the same
And I'm knowin' confrontation's mo' than video games
War is pain

› Agents Of Repression

[Intro: Paris]

All day on the nation's only all-terror network

All terror, all the time

FOXSNBCNN

[Skit]

"The War on Terror is everyone's war, and civilization itself is in the balance"

"The questions are growing louder, and the White House is furiously backpedalling. What did
the president know, and when did he know it?"

"You're telling me you're going to fake some terrorist thing, just to scare some money out of
Congress?"

"Well unfortunately, I have no idea how to fake killing four thousand people. So we're just
gonna have to do it for real. Oh, blame it on the Muslims, naturally. Then I can get my
funding!"

» What Would You Do?

[Chorus]

What would you do if you
Knew all of the things we know
Would you stand up for truth
Or would you turn away too?
And then what if you saw
All of the things that's wrong
Would you stand tall and strong?
Or would you turn and walk away

[Verse 1]

I see a message from the government, like every day
I watch it, and listen, and call 'em all suckas
They warnin' me about Osama or whatever
Picture me buyin' this scam I said never
You in tune to a Hard Truth Soldier spittin'
I stay committed gives a f**k to die or lose commission
It's all a part of fightin' devil state mind control
And all about the battle for your body mind and soul
And now I'm hopin' you don't close ya mind - so they shape ya
Don't forget they made us slaves, gave us AIDS and raped us
Another Bush season mean another war for profit
All in secret so the public never think to stop it
The Illuminati triple 6 all connected
Stolen votes they control the race and take elections
It's the Skull and Bones Freemason kill committee
See the Dragon gettin' sh*ttier in every city

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Now ask yourself who's the one with the most to gain (Bush)
'Fore 911 motherf**kas couldn't stand his name (Bush)
Now even n***as waivin' flags like they lost they mind
Everybody got opinions but don't know the time
Cause America's been took - it's plain to see
The oldest trick in the book is make an enemy
Of phony evil so the government can do it's dirt
And take away ya freedom lock and load, beat and search
Ain't nothin' changed but more colored people locked in prison
These pigs still beat us but it seem we forgettin'

But I remember 'fore Septmember how these devils do it
F**k Gulliani, ask Diallo how he doin'
We in the streets holla "jail to the thief" - follow
F**k wavin' flags bring these dragons to they knees
Oil blood money make these killers ride cold
Suspicious suicides people dyin' never told
It's all a part of playin' God so ya think we need 'em
While Bin Ashcroft take away ya rights to freedom
Bear witness to the sickness of these dictators
Hope you understand the time brother cause it's major

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

So now you askin' why my records always come the same
Keep it real, ain't no fillers, motherf**k a blingin'
Mine eyes seen the gory of the coming of the beast
So every story every word I'm sayin' "F**k Peace"
See you could witness the Illuminati body count
Don't be surprised these is devils that I'm talkin' bout
You think a couple thousand lives mean sh*t to killers?
N***a I swear to God we the ones - ain't no villans
Or any other word they think to demonize a country
Ain't no terror threat unless approval ratings slippin'
So I'mma say it for the record we the ones that planned it
Ain't no other country took a part or had they hand in
Just a way to keep ya scary so you think you need 'em
Praisin' Bush while that killer take away ya freedom
How many of us got discovered but ignore the symptoms?
N***as talkin' loud but ain't nobody sayin' sh*t
And with the 4th Amendment gone eyes are on the 1st
That's why I'm spittin' cyanide each and every verse
I see the Carlyle group and Harris Bank Accounts
I see 'em plead the 5th each and every session now
And while Reichstag burns see the public buy it
I see the profilin' see the media's compliance
War is good for business see the vicious make a savior
Hope you understand the time brother cause it's major

[Chorus]

› How We Do

Yeah

Welcome

You are now in tune to the real

Hard truth - Soldiers

In about 2 seconds a soldier will began to speak

Welcome into Cali where we strong like that

We struggle with the struggle and it's on like that

We guard the gate, separate these boys from men

In the cities where too many take your life for granted

Stone cold with the message, it's on and crackin'

N***as trifilin' ya quick lose ya life from scrappin'

Happens all the time see us dyin' playin' for keeps

Many fallin' to the callin' of these murderous streets

And the world keep spinnin' ...no stoppin' the rain

Seem everytime we happy come the trouble and pain

Even marks playin' heartless - who the hell could know

In a twist he resisted now he stiff in the cold

And we still ain't got no love for no po-lice

How many killin' n***as murder in these City Streets

F**k a Pig and these busta a** n***a beats

It's Black Power on the map, blow the back out your coward-a** rap

Who could match when we spit bricks

See 'em scatter when I call blitz

N***a scratch 'em out the mix

No matter what you been through

We still comin' with that

Bomb bomb biddy in the city when we bring truth

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)

And that's how we do it when we (come like that)

And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)

See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel

(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)

And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)

And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Still wanna cap those - coward a** rap hoes
N***as can't match flows - Even when I rap slow
Still got the pill - when I spill over beats
And still comin' real never yield sayin' f**k peace

I b*t*h slap fairy tales of straps
What the hell happened to rap? It just collapsed
Perhaps it's ways of the paper chase clones
N***as far gone from the sellin' of the soul
But I'm grown so check the essay, we deep as eses
Blaze, make these haters behave, we on that Che
Guevera seen the fear in they eyes, we world - wide
Swat these phony n***as like flies, who wanna ride

And vibe off my serenade, terror made
Jiggy n***as raise afraid, we finna raid
And blaze when we come around, The black fist
Amazed how we turn it out - it's like this sayin

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)
And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)
And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Got my att**ude from adolescence - nothin' changed
Gotta say my prayers count my blessin's - what a shame
In this game of life nothin' promised - another day
Got me packin' heat avoidin' drama - who to blame
When we all guilty doin' dirt
In the community too many of us in up hurt
No love for life in this complicated paradox

How many of us gotta die for the madness stop

I look around and all I see is these influences
The hard times in the eyes of the ghetto ruined
So hard to do it when you looked upon as second cla**
Another chapter for Amerikkka's ill-gotten past - you never last

If you don't hold your head high - keep strivin'
Brothers gonna get by - we keep risin'
Even though they want us dyin' - we still thrive and
Believe I'mma keep fightin' - we street soldiers for life

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)
And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)
And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Yeah, Get ya mob on
Get ya mob on
Street soldiers
Hard truth
Yeah

› Freedom (The Last Cell Remix)

(Chorus)

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

[Verse 1: Paris]

We come back to the days of - grenades up
Black fist raised up - we stay rough
Come this way cause - the game f**ked
Can't stay away from - the main stuff
Still bust when we ride, still game
Still bust any time, f**k fame
Still rhyme under pressure, still bangin'
Still prime, n***as wetcha, still aimin'
Still put a fist in - the system
Still kill a killa cop, we still win
Still be the one to expose the beast (when it's)
Still un-American to be for peace (yeah)
Revenge is a dish best served with steel
If it's on then, lets get it on for real
Can't shut us up - cut us down - never regret
F**k Bush, I'mma say it loud - raisin' a fist - we holla

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: M1, dead prez]
RBG'd up, yeah, ready to get freed up
Bangin' on the system, ready to turn the heat up
Malcolm X c*cktail, ready to burn the streets up
Holla if ya hear me big homie, it's time to eat somthin'
Picture me rollin', me Paris and Chuck D'd up
D**kies and white tee'd up, throwin' them O.G.s love
Listen up, rule number 1 is no snitchin'
Switch up and you gon' have to eat a clip up 'till you hiccup

[Verse 3: Stic, dead prez]

My reality is poverty, police brutality
How I came into this revolutionary mentality
Comin' up in my hood, it's an everyday thang
N***as is hungry and starvin' that's why n***as bang

The O.G.s put me up on the jewels of the game
Ain't no wins in the street if you comin' up lame
That's why I walk how I walk and I claim what I claim
Red, Black to the Green with a gangsta lean

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Public Enemy]
Get back, we put it back on the map
With Power, a panther return to growl
What I'm talkin', Guerrilla Funkin'
And now we back and I'm rappin' to back 'em off again
What I'm spittin' got 'em trippin' we rush the fakes
To keep us livin' I'll keep givin' 'em records to break
They'll never master me, they'll never master P
Why we blast, hara** until we get a piece
Bring the noise, Public Enemy number 1
And P-Dog'll bust, in God we trust
A def jam without the Def Jam we rise
To rush injustice, brush lies aside
What ya need - self-sense and self-defense now
We got it - representin' we bail through the crowd
Be around and 'round, you can't ignore the sound
We still say feel the Prophets of Rage - Power to the people say

[Chorus]

[Verse 5: Paris]
Rebels at it come again
That's why we conspire so you never win
Keep it calmer when we ride so you never seein'
N***as aim between the eyes so you never mend
Field n***as in the front be the first to bust
GuerrillaFunk.com who you gon' trust?
With all this talk about the war they forgettin' us
Broke schools and abuse made the noose a must
Holla black - f**k a pig and these killers wars
Around the world every border it's the same story
Anywhere that it's color it ain't never peace
Africa, South America and Middle East
Move in packs bust back at these killa foes
Reach first make the heat spurts so he know
No blood for the rich - they been exposed

Now it's power to the people everywhere I go - and everybody's sayin..

[Chorus]

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

- › Field Nigga Boogie (XLR8R Remix)

[Paris]

Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-a** rap made the game corrupt
 P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
 Puttin wood on they a** can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
 In a "No Spin Zone," f**k a scanadalous b*t*h
It's the return of the +Bush Killa+ back to bust
 Just us for the justice, in God we trust
 I rush truth to the youth, and shine the light
 Take the red pill, open up your eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
 See us overthrow the hold of the devil control
 And roll deep, keep it underground for the streets
 I'm the last sayin, get 'em outta bounds, retreat
 Like ants in this war dance, if one fall
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

[Reggae chat interlude]

[Various samples]

"This program includes dramatic re-enactments of scenes which depict real events
And contains material which is intended for" (HIP-HOP)
 "Welcome to the show!"
 "Today, more drugs are coming into America than ever before" - Dan Rather
 "We have the best intelligence in the world, we can stop anything we wanna stop"
 "You still may know little about" - Dan Rather
 "The C.I.A.'s involvement with drug lords"
 "This was a, a multi-billion dollar business"
 "Even more menacing" - D.R. "The C.I.A."
"Have gone into the drug trade, and are trying to take over the government" - D.R
 "In the war", "on drugs" - D.R
 "Which side is the C.I.A. on?"
 "We need a change! We need a change.." {*2X*}
 "One of these motherf**kers different"

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard truth sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier radio
Word! "Pay attention real close, we just begun"

[Immortal Technique]

Yeah! Immortal Technique, part of the rebel militia
Weapon I brandish, don't need the canvas to paint a picture
F**k who you askin, I'll tell you what it is
It ain't music motherf**ker it's the way that we live
Party crashin, leavin the door with a broke lock
And make a toast to the cancer of Rupert Murdoch
I got a hit, on the Grand Wizard and the cyclops
And I'll be snipin, campus security bike cops
F**k around, and I'mma start blastin they kids
Payback, for what they did to John Africa's crib
These pigs talk a lot of sh*t, sh*t, wavin the badge
Can put it down and go the f**k home wrapped in a flag
I have nothin but, empty shells for enemies
Strike me down, that'll give birth to ten of me
Forbidden chemistry, my verse is the dirty bomb
Urban combat, next year n***a it's on

PADIES
PADIES



Acid
Reactor



› Don't Stop The Movement

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

Guerrillas in the mist

The mainstream team with pro-Black twist

Hard truth soldiers in the game

Hard truth soldiers back again

P-Dog, I evolve

I drag pigs to the slaughter house, but I never eat hog

As the Fed and the World Bank seesaw

We keep y'all in deep awe cause we raw

Like uncooked crack by the government

Hit like a base rock, listen to the ba** knock

Free 'em in Jena, by any means they walk

Let's see who ready to squeeze

Givin' power to the people and take back America

Panic in the head of the state, pa** the Derringer

Aim and shoot, Beirut to Bay Area

Bury a Homeland Security card carrier

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Don't stop the movement

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Don't stop the movement

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Verse 2: Paris]

Panther power, acid showers

This land is ours, stand and shout it

This plan to cower, isn't ours

This man is proud, keep the scandalous out

Now if it ain't what we about, it's irrelevant

U.S. policy route? Embarra**in'

Never leavin' you without, we got medicine

And we never bend, we got better sense

Hard truth revolutionary Black militant
Death to the Minutemen, checks to the immigrants
Streets still feelin' it, we still killin' it
We still slaughterin' hawks, feed the innocent
Read the imprint
Guerrilla Funk was birthed outta necessity, collectively
Respectively, to behead the beast
On behalf of the left wing scared to speak
Now get up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Interlude: Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan]

Something is wrong
Wrong with the government in which we live
Wrong with the leaders that lead us
Wrong with us
And the way we respond, to our enemy and each other
This nation is not about poor people!
Whether they're black, brown, red, yellow or white
This nation is about rich people!
And to hell with the weak, the poor, they must serve!

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Verse 3: Paris]
Guerrilla on the loose
Scars on my neck but I'm holdin' on the noose
Stars rock ice but they rollin' like Roots
Thugs on the mic but they all shine shoes
See I don't care who you is or where you from

You look like slaves and tricks when soldiers come

And anybody disagree can get done

Coons'll run, battle lines are drawn

Take one for the U.S.A., the new Babylon

Renegade nation formed to do battle on

Man-made war for mind control, carried on

Mainstream media platforms to rattle y'all

But I can't be shook by the White House

Never go the right route, that's the right route

Bury me a 'G' for Guerrilla and I climb out

With the nine out, no time for time out

Get up!

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Don't stop the movement

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Don't stop the movement

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Outro]

The people, united, will never be defeated

› So What

[Opening skit]

FREEZE, POLICE!! (What are you doing?!)

On the floor, ON THE FLOOR NOW

{On your stomach, get on your stomach, on your stomach!}

{ON YOUR STOMACH!} {*gunshots*}

[Verse 1: Paris]

Yo, they got up out the squad car

Jaws hard, jar heads, they want us all dead

Walkin' up to the door, they all saw red

It's one local detective, the rest is all feds

Kick the do' down, ripped the whole house up

Grandmama asked what's wrong and got her mouth cut

The lead fed grabbed her by the throat, threw her up against the wall

And told her they won't leave without drugs

With no just cause, just cause

Had her tied up in her own closet wearin' just drawers

Pants down, standin' 'round sweatin' and laughin'

And high-fivin' each other like, "That's what's up dawg!"

Until a blizzard of bullets blew some nuts off

One by one they run but got gunned off

Her grandson was only five but he saw the whole thang from the stairs

And managed to make the gun cough

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"

Let the police cars blow up

It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much

Of the blame gettin' thrown on us

And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb

So what?

[Verse 2: Paris]

Yeah, another visit from the social worker

She know her kids ain't supposed to know this dope and murder

He know her kids ain't supposed to notice dope and murder

So he let her keep 'em in exchange for some social service

And every week's the same, he gets so nervous

They snort coke, then she let him hit it 'til it hurt it

Typically, that's the end of the date

She swallows his pride, the kids can stay

She ain't mentioned he the reason why the baby in her stomach got her tummy out
When she did, he froze up and dummied out
Took her food stamps, put him in his book
Walked away then she screamed out "Hey!" and caught a left hook
That's when the hollow tip hot one let his chest cook
Shortened every breath took; her young son
Mean muggin' handcuffed as they took him away
Said "Momma you gon' be okay, so what?!"

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"
Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb
So what?

[Verse 3: Paris]

She was a proud mom, a G.I. Joe mom
Couldn't see they lied for war, she was all for it
Wavin flags, sportin tags with the yellow ribbons
And when she said he was a hero know she really meant it
'Til somebody showed her proof of the ruse
Took her to Guerrilla Funk dot com for the hard truth
Showed the motive and the profiteering from the mission
She got mad and wrote her congressman but he ain't listen
So she prayed everyday that they
Would pull the troops out the fray and they would be okay
All she had was her faith 'til the day the news
Came talkin 'bout that roadside bomb in Fallujah
And even though she thought she'd been through the worst
Mama walked into the closet, put the strap in her purse
And went first to the door of her congressman's home
Took his life 'fore takin her own, shoulda known

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"
Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb
So what?
These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"

Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb
So what?

› Blap That Ass Up

[Female news reporter]
That verdict just came down
Those three detectives, not guilty, on all counts
Not guilty of the manslaughter charges
Not guilty of the a**ault charges
Not guilty of the reckless endangerment charges
That verdict, is going to rock this city, this community
The, groom's fiancee, the one who was killed
They were, they had said prosecutors, proved this case
But they put on witnesses
But I want to show you, let's just turn around
I want to show you, just what's going on here
{*BLAM BLAM*}

[Unknown speakers]
We out here with the youth
The youth is saying F**K THAT, it's enough is enough
Well you the final one right now man, y'knahmean?
So we gotta take back the streets, you understand?

(We face this every day, it's not an isolated incident)

(We all know, how we feel about the cops)
(And how they practice this inst**utionalized racism)

House by house, door by door, block by block
Neighborhood by neighborhood, we need to organize
We need to have our own system set up, to control our communities
We don't need these racist pigs comin in our neighborhood
With their hands on their gun cause they're scared of us

[Hook: repeat 2X]
Blap, blap blap that a** up {*3X*}
Blap, blap blap, blap blap

[Unknown singer 2X]
What you came fo'?
What you came here fo'?
What you playin fo'?
Seri-seri-seri-serious

{*BLAM BLAM*}

[Paris as radio announcer with singer in background]
And yes yes y'all you in tune to Hard Truth Soldier Radio
Shoutin truth to power, representin freedom justice and equality
Comin in every city and every town
Every ghetto all 'round~!
Worldwide, where we ride on the police
Cause the police beat us

[Unknown speaker]
I don't care what they say
We're not the only ones that can bleed
We're not the only ones that can go to funerals
Unless they stop killin us, we're gonna take it into our own hands
We're not the only ones that can bleed... {*echoes*}
[Male news anchor]
Recent police shootings involving African-American victims across the U.S.
Has led to a string of angry protests from outraged black community members
(There is a culture, of police officers out there that represent)
(a legalized genocide, and we need to recognize that)

[Paris]
1-2-3 in the parking lot
Make it pop so they feel when I peel the Glock
Hear the shot, killer cops all drop and fold
Ring around the rose pocket fulla slugs and holes
Controlled beef like demo-lition, the mission
Most prof-ficient with those that don't listen
We merk this b*t*h a** pigs when we ride through
Me in the front seat, T through the sunroof
Now gas, break, shoot
Cause it's an eye for an eye for the lives took and the bru-
-tality and the rapes and the bleedin'
For dope and the choke holds, water hosin the people
But the blap make it equal
"Blap, blap" be the sound for the WOOP WOOP when we see you
It's a gang war sequel
Between us and the punk police for what they do

[Hook]
[More news excerpts and speeches from 3:30 to the end]

› The Trap

[Verse 1: Paris]

As I bend the corner ba** beatin' the back
I sink into the mood and watch the people react
Same gritty conversation, same bomb-a** rap
Same sh*tty-a** conditions, same grip on a strap
Same pigs, same crackers, same n***as united
Buyin' into the stereotypes that we fightin'
Buyin' into the stereotypes of us bein'
Buck dancin' a** sex-crazed murderous fiends
Still f**kin' up these home-schooled simpleton haters
Same people that display us wanna kill and betray us
Same division, mo' religion, never readin', just prayers
More bounty hunters, Imus' and Jena's and Kramer's
Still blame us for the cause of the way that we act
While lullabies of celebrities still keep us distracted
Keep the focus off the President and sh*t in Iraq
Keep us scapegoatin' immigrants and n***as on crack
Keep the propaganda comin', keep impressin' the kids
They only care about us when its time to enlist
But when them politicians talk about protectin' the fetus
What it mean when they send us off to war and mistreat us?

Tax cuts for the rich, ain't no snitchin' allowed
'Specially if it's piggies that we talkin' about
As they murder motherf**kers comin' up in your house
Seem that violence is the only thing they listen to now

It's the trap

[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]

Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Verse 2: Paris]

Now let's, get this sh*t clear once and for all
Ain't no terrorist that's bigger than America's balls
Ain't no terror more terrible than terror we brought

And ain't it terrible the terror's all America's fault
I'm askin', what would you do if you knew of it all?
If you knew all our enemies were made for the part?
If you knew that everything they do is part of a plot
That's pre-agreed upon with us, so you always support?
Claimin, patriot but can't never explain
Why babies killin' babies in America's name
Why black and brown bodies, why murder and pain?
Why these motherf**kers laughin' all the way to the bank?
That's gangster! But we don't see the truth of it still
Don't see the truth the way the ruthless murder and kill
Ain't no doubt about it bruh, that's big pimpin' for real
And you askin' why I'm out here servin' 'em still
It's the trap

[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]

Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Verse 3: Paris]

The way I see it, the only way to change it is pain
Seems they only pay attention when we splatterin' brains
Seem they never seem to hear us when we march and complain
Or when when we protestin', hopin' pigs don't whoop us again
Look here, see how fast money come for the schools
And how quick them motherf**kers bring home the troops
How the coonin' and derogatory sh*t in the music'll go away
When they see the people snatch 'em and shoot 'em!
Just watch! You'll see, sh*t'll change on a dime
Best believe for politicians ain't gon' be no more hidin'
Ain't gonna be no mo' lyin, don't wanna see 'em in court
Don't wanna sue 'em, rather do 'em, shoot 'em up in his Porsche
Bring the balance back where the people making the rules
Where the government is scared of what the people might do
And not the other way around, y'all got it confused
Was ignored, but you listenin' now! We on the move sayin'

[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]

Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Post-Chorus: Paris]

A write tah Congress is what they say it's about
I'm sayin', f**k de letta, wet her leavin' de house
I get my, gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman, I shoot now congressman
I vote but never stop the problem around
Dem soldier, only murderin' the black and the brown
I get my gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman a, shoot de President a
A write tah Congress is what they say it's about
I'm sayin', f**k de letta, wet her leavin' de house
I get my, gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman, I shoot now congressman
I vote but never stop the problem around
Dem soldier, only murderin' the black and the brown
I get my gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman a, shoot de President a

[Newsreel footage]

[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]

Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

› Get Fired Up

[Verse 1: Paris]

What you know about that hip-hop that's corporatized?
What you know about them porch monkey raps and lies?
What you know about the image black men as pimps?
And Slavor Slav-a** country coon n***as with limp?
What you know about a mack MC with skills
Who could spit and kick real sh*t people could feel?
What you know about the radio and fake-a** clowns
With the same ten songs, every city and town?
What you know about that Hollywood culture fetish
And who f**kin' who and what b*t*hes is wearin'?
And who gettin' fat and who adoptin' who
And what n***a got arrested now actin' a fool?
What you know about these rappers on Cribs at night?
Shootin' pool with no motherf**kin' books in sight
Grinnin' grills when they showin' off they rims and ice
With that (Ha!), wish them dumb motherf**kers be quiet
See, I'm fresh outta favors, so excuse my tone
This bullsh*t been goin' on way too long
Who decide what you listen to and what gets shown?
Who decides what message get inside your home?
I'm knowin' all about devil-a** Jimmy Iovine
And all of the rest of the killin' machine
Debra Lee and the BET hoes and demons
Dealin' dope through the radio and video screens
I'm sayin', what if we demand a change?
And blow heads off 'stead of complainin'
I'll bet then you listen what folks sayin'
When we say we had enough, knowin we ain't playin'

Now get fired up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H. and Sandy Griffith]

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 2]

Oh yeah, and f**k these political hacks

Wanna act like they the mouthpiece for Blacks
Jesse Lee and Ward Connerly and Keyes, attack
Anything Black when white folks writing the checks

And in fact, I could see hella n***as is blind

Like Armstrong leavin' every child behind

And McWhorter's a w**** too, sh*t is a crime

Clarence Thomas couldn't ever be a brother of mine

I shine light on that bullsh*t, it's all self hate (Yeah)

Who the next face to betray the race?

I place bets that the real people sure to relate

When I blast on that bootlickin' masquerade, and say

"Hold up, wait a minute, n***a stop please

Me don't suffer from victim mentality

All we ever did was try to get a piece

Of the pie that supposedly for everybody"

Real talk, somebody best tell Russell

Fo' street n***as catch his a** up in a tussle

Drop squad in effect man, de-program

We throw his pink wearing a** in the back of the van

And say no more rap apologist, I quit

Every diamond is a blood diamond, please forgive

And see me redeemed for the deeds I did

For that Def Jam scam pushin' poison to kids

Now get fired up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H. and Sandy Griffith]

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 3]

What about these racists that talk that sh*t

'Bout these immigrants, like they claim to it's legit?
Like they ain't stole it anyway, murdered and pillaged
Like they justified, cryin' 'bout they want to get rid of
It's the one-two-three, the three to two-one (Yeah)

This nation was built on the backs of brown
Slave trade and the dead red population
Put the yellow man in a camp concentration
Now, I blast on these right wing hoes
Now, who'll be the first exposed?

Hannity with that weak doublespeak his tone
I'll make his drop out bartenderin' a** get thrown
And f**k Mike Savage, radio snake
With that bully bullsh*t minuteman debate
Pro-life, pro-war, man, it's all pro-hate
Do him in for his sins and Katrina disdain
And uh, motherf**k yo' taxes b*t*h
While Chevron is stackin' chips
While they send another off to die
Send another young body to Iraq with lies

What the f**k you gonna say to me? I see right through it
Through the smokescreen, keepin' folks meaner and stupid
Through the fake fear, fake tears, pride and collusion
Ain't no fakes here, all I see is lies and abuses
P (Dog), still the one you can't f**k with
Educated then a motherf**ker, I see clearly
Can't be whupped or debated, can't break my spirit
Never bought off, never go soft, and never fear it
Hear it loud when I say it, that's the way that it go
Hear it loud, cause I'm killin' 'em with words in a row
B*t*h, it ain't Paris Hilton, it's the murderous flow
Only P-Dog spittin' is the Paris you know

Now get

› Neighborhood Watch

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

You can keep fightin', or you can go home
You can keep tryin', or get rolled on
I'ma keep ridin', 'cause when the funk is on
Most of these so-called rebels ain't got they phones on
So I turn to the killers and the gangbangers
Teach 'em how change, doin' the same thang
Show a loc how to love himself
And how self-hate make you wanna slug yourself
Introduce him to the enemy that enemy made
And how the evil made 'em murder for the clique that he claim
When I see it all click in his brain
I put an clip in his hand and tell 'em, "Come on, it's women to save"
You a young black warrior, raised in a battlefield
Some say soldier, trained with a strap to kill
But it ain't no good if all you think about
Is shootin' up the area Blacks chill, and that's real

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

Time to leave the wrong for right
Gotta make a change in my life
Shake all the stress and strife
And gain wealth with knowledge of self, baby
Settle down and raise a fam
And know about that master plan
That's why we gotta understand
Nobody looking out for us but us, true baby

[Verse 2: Paris]

History and time have proved nobody cares
If you live life cool or you die but you
You ride for me homie, I'ma ride for you
Long as you understand who you bring the violence to
If you hard enough to murder for malt liquor and mean mugs
Mash on these b*t*h-a** cops who bring teens drugs
And politicians who pa** laws that don't do sh*t, keepin' streets corrupt
Keepin' us stuck
And trapped in that hell hole
I know the reason of the reason for the reason which your mind bases hell on

You ain't gotta call hell home
If you think twice 'bout smokin' a brother for gettin' his mail on
Let me guess, you ain't workin' for the white man?
Who you think you workin' for, sellin' white, man?
They lend you yayo, send you to jail
The hard truth of it spells the intent to fail, might as well

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

Time to leave the wrong for right
Gotta make a change in my life
Shake all the stress and strife
And gain wealth with knowledge of self, baby
Settle down and raise a fam
And know about that master plan
That's why we gotta understand
Nobody looking out for us but us, true baby

[Verse 3: Paris]

Real G's know the drama
From being nine years old seein' Five-O feelin' all on your momma
Smacked her hard, threw her in the back of the car
For some out of date tags on the car
That's hard, real Crips know the real sh*t
Livin' with ya granny 'cause ya daddy ain't never callin' or give sh*t
So of course, the anger from the pain just might be the blame
For n***as that get they wig split
Real Bloods know it's hard to feel love
If daddy was there, but he threatened to kill us
And while we did homework, he just did drugs
Of course, I'ma flash red rags and give it up, n***a
Punk police, deadbeat daddies and crack
Are the reason many hated bein' black
It's time to rise up, open your eyes up
To the people who created the trap and hate that, take that

[Verse 1: Paris]

Hard truth soldier music, hard truth over music
Exposed so the youth can use it
Guerrilla Funk don't confuse it
With off-brand gangster rap that don't do sh*t
P-Dog and I'm back with a new clique
Sharpshooters, four deep in a 'lark shooters
That might creep in dark and shoot the police
In the heart for Sean Bell and Martin Luther
Cause ever since '90
America tried to bling me, but they still can't blind me
Eighteen years behind me, twenty mo' left
Pro-left, pro-death, the Bush Killa
Corporate conservative crook killer
Wolfowitz for the chips that he took killer
This industry is full of shook n***as
That's why the shame grip breaker returns to left hook n***as

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Now when we say Guerrilla Funk
We don't mean monkeys on a vine
We mean this as in New Orleans
Virginia Tech and Columbine

[Verse 2: Paris]

We still rise like gas prices
On fire like CNN satellite vans if they pa** by us
Like Bechtel hush money cash stipends
Lindsay Lohan's nose and v*****
F**k Imus
Then again white folks pointin' fingers at the hate that hate made is timeless
Look at Hussein, paid 'em, trained 'em
Played 'em, called 'em "al-Qaeda" then hanged 'em
You said die n***a? But I'm still crackin'
Like six out of twenty nine eleven hijackers
If anybody dead, it's kids in the black church
Being mislead by the misled
B-E-T, telling kids get bread
But never telling 'em what to do with bread
A project for the b*t*h scared

Joe Biden running blue but he just might drip red

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Now when we say Guerrilla Funk

We don't mean monkeys on a vine

We mean this as in New Orleans

Virginia Tech and Columbine

O.J. Simpson, B.T.K

Beltway, Peterson, Jon Benet

The San Francisco Panther 8

Our government's hate for foreign kind

[Verse 3: Paris]

Representing for the innocent victims out in Darfur

But it's really not our war

I'ma leave it alone on this track cause that's something

I had to go and write to a whole 'nother song for

The rap sh*t got n***as on all fours

T-K.A.S.H. make many sound like Forrest

Guerrilla Funk, straight vets, place bets them

Pseudo-a** revolutionaries never come towards us

By the way, if you ain't spittin' hard truth

Then you ain't spittin' sh*t up in our booth

Grande mocha civil rights leaders get a

Blue star mama tryin' to walk up in our shoes

Guerrilla Funk dot com is the website

Log on, get'cha head right

We got pro-red right scared to head to bed at night

Hard Truth won't spare ya life motherf**ker

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Now when we say Guerrilla Funk

We don't mean monkeys on a vine

We mean this as in New Orleans

Virginia Tech and Columbine

O.J. Simpson, B.T.K

Beltway, Peterson, Jon Benet

The San Francisco Panther 8

Our government's hate for foreign kind

[Interlude]

What is a revolution? Was no love lost, was no compromise, was no negotiation, I'm tellin'
you you don't know what a revolution is! Because when you find out what it is you'll get out of
the way. You haven't got a revolution that doesn't involve bloodshed

And you're afraid to bleed, I saw it, you're afraid to bleed
If it is right, for America to draft us and teach us how to be violent, then it is right for you and
me

[Bridge: Sandy Griffith]
We don't talk about, we do it
Got no time to dance, it's the movement
Comin' way too strong, let's move it
Freedom must be won, or lose it

[Interlude: Paris]
Who said freedom could never be won?
Who said it was the ballot or the gun?
Who said a group like us, couldn't move?
It wasn't me, but maybe it was you
[Another speech to end - "never back down, never bow down"]

› True

[Verse 1]

Welcome back to California
The punk police will calico ya
The funk won't cease, we battle on the grounds
Of who it is that really own the town
Business, palm trees, a hundred degrees
C-I-As, F-E-Ds smuggle in keys
Schwarzenegger still hustle and scheme, puffin' the weed
Feelin' on women, killin' the whole scene
And I'm killin' that old image you got
I know you think the West coast started with Eazy and finished with 'Pac
But think again, we got it just as hard out here
You act like the government ain't in charge out here, man
Pa** the Molotov, light it up, and throw it at the city hall
Administration, station
Face the Nation, I ain't talkin 'bout the President
I'm talkin' 'bout the flag with the star and the crescent in it

[Chorus]

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us
Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us

[Verse 2]

Now put your purple back partner, I don't smoke trees (Nah)
No dank, no drank, no coke, or speed (Hell, naw!)
You know me homey, sober and clean
A lot of G's want me on the team, but I don't roll with dope fiends
Imagine me goin' from Tookie to Pookie
I'm a threat 'cause mainstream rejection didn't spook me
Rappers tried to make me switch and couldn't move me
Kufi salute me and true n***as choose me
Viewed to be the new Huey in Newsweek
We all speak truth, now listen to the truth speak
Full circle with the way I view beef
If you don't choose peace, you leave with no front two teeth

Up in this motherf**ker (Yeah)

Guerrilla Funk and we ain't never been no run-and-duckers (That's right)

Now tell me what's so gangster 'bout flossin' your bank account

For some quick attention from the women while the people in the hood suffer

[Chorus]

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz

Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood

P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs

How they divide and confuse us

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz

Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood

P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs

How they divide and confuse us

[Verse 3]

Well look here, whatchu think of bringin' back the free breakastes

The free food, free health care, free dentistes

The homey Fleetwood got the homeboy hotline

An ex-felon job line, hit him on MySpace

And pardon as I take part in upliftin' of my race

Past the high rate of incarceration and crime rate

Bein' my fate, so if you don't believe

That we can struggle and achieve then get out my face

So quick, so fast, you don't get no pa**

You don't get mo' black, we'll kick yo' a**!

Then turn around and spend yo' cash, in the hood

With the mommas and the kids livin' with no dad

Frisco through Oakland, Vallejo through Oakland

They try to gentrify and then rebuild most Oaklands

But it's still mo' funk and coke smokin' in the Oakland

Fo-fo's blowin domes open, think about it

[Chorus]

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz

Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood

P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs

How they divide and confuse us

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz

Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood

P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs

How they divide and confuse us

› The Violence of the Lambs

[Pastor Jeremiah Wright]

What Malcolm X said, when he got silenced by Elijah Muhammad was in fact true, "America's chickens are coming home, to roost!"

We took this country by terror, away from the Sioux, the Apache, the Arawak, the Comanche, the Arapaho, the Navajo; terrorism! We took Africans from their country to build our way of ease and kept them enslaved, and living in fear;
Terrorism!

We bombed Grenada and killed innocent civilians, babies, non-military personnel; We bombed the black civilian community of Panama with stealth bombers and killed, unarmed teenagers and toddlers, pregnant mothers and hard working fathers

We bombed Gaddhafi's home and killed his child. We bombed Iraq, we killed unarmed civilians, trying to make a living

We bombed a plant in the Sudan to pay back for the attack on our emba**y

Killed hundreds of hard working people, mothers and fathers, who left home to go that day not knowing that they'd never get back home

We bombed Hiroshima, We bombed Nagasaki! And we bombed far more than the thousands in New York, and the Pentagon, and we never batted an eye

Kids playing in the playground, mothers, picking up children after school, civilians, not soldiers, people just trying to make it day by day

We have supported state terrorism against the Palestinians and black South Africans, AND
NOW WE ARE INDIGNANT!

Because the stuff we have done overseas is now brought right back into our own front yards!

America's CHICKENS, are coming home, to roost

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

I know you thought I wouldn't say somethin'
About the way the radio and TV, don't really say nothin'
Unless black men stay thuggin'
Unless black women straight sl*tting'
I know you thought I wouldn't talk about rich white men
Still doin' to black artists today what they did to the ones back then
Can't you see brother, they don't love you
They just want money off of what you do
I know you thought I wouldn't speak on those with hot tracks
Runnin' 'round tryin to tell me hip-hop is not black
For real, it ain't black now? I guess it ain't
Long as y'all wanna thug in the 'burbs, slummin' dressed down
I'ma talk about the doc*mented fact
America funds Israel more than all of Africa
What the hell would I be rappin' for
If hard truth ain't attackin' ya, blappin' ya?

[Hook: Paris]

It's the same thing every day, we keep movin'
It's the same games people play, we see through 'em
Long as I am alive, the grind won't stop
We gonna fight 'til we die, the rhymes won't stop
Try to maintain through the pain, we keep movin'
'Til the chains break from the brain, we break through 'em
Long as justice denied, the grind won't stop
Bringin' sight to the blind, the rhymes won't stop, now come on

[Verse 2: Chuck D and Paris]

Microphone check 1-2, check the sound
Ba** for ya face, bring the level around
See us break over breaks take the racists and blaze
We, back on the stage, it's the prophets of rage
Not Dre but I'm still watchin over the game
What the hell has happened to us, seem as nothing has changed
Just coons on the tube, jiggaboos and pimps
Act a motherf**kin' fool while labels makin' a mint
I spit a verse, maybe curse, every city and town
What's the worst that could happen, brothers workin' it out

I been around growlin' freedom or death since day one
Miuzi weighs a ton, don't forget it's the bomb
I run up, we Public Enemy, they ain't said sh*t
Put the message in the music so you never forget
Time to take this thing back put the hit in the hits
If you ain't mad then you ain't even tripped
Pay attention, it's the Enemy

[Hook: Paris]

It's the same thing every day, we keep movin'
It's the same games people play, we see through 'em
Long as I am alive, the grind won't stop
We gonna fight 'til we die, the rhymes won't stop
Try to maintain through the pain, we keep movin'
'Til the chains break from the brain, we break through 'em
Long as justice denied, the grind won't stop
Bringin' sight to the blind, the rhymes won't stop, now come on

[Verse 3: Paris]

9/11 is no longer a conspiracy
It's being used to reduce civil liberties
Speak critically, they can legally ignore you
And let the VeriChip think for you
Screamin' out no child left behind
But all we end up, learnin' is how to work for the wealthy kind
Cause wealth defines the health we buy, from Blue Cross to
Leaders of the banks from the checks we write
Foolin' with my food, chickens as big as the turkeys
GMO's make produce bloom a month early
Cross-pollinatin' rice grains with hormones
Highly afraid of ice age, tryin' to fight plagues
But the real issue, is when you speak the hard truth
Then they will get you, bringin' light to our youth
Then they will kill you, if you Armstrong Williams
They big scrrill you, and force the fickle to feel you, for real

[Hook: Paris]

It's the same thing every day, we keep movin'
It's the same games people play, we see through 'em
Long as I am alive, the grind won't stop
We gonna fight 'til we die, the rhymes won't stop
Try to maintain through the pain, we keep movin'
'Til the chains break from the brain, we break through 'em

Long as justice denied, the grind won't stop
Bringin' sight to the blind, the rhymes won't stop, now come on

› The Hustle

[Uncle Ruckus from Boondocks]

Praise be the white God and his son, white Jesus~!

I'm on a mission from God

Contagious with the holy spirit of our caucasian savior

Now let me share his words wit'cha

"Come, child of God! Come!"

[Paris]

It's like the blind to the blind leading blind around

Put'cha faith in a spook God, how that sound?

Put'cha faith to the most and an unseen ghost

That they say full of love but we come up sho't

Now what I wanna know is where Jesus at

When the wars rage on and the po-lice clap

When the crime rate risin black on black

And the water from Katrina wash away your fam

It's like a, cruel joke that's played a lot

On the people that rely on they faith a lot

On the people that obey and respect a book

That was written by man to control the flock

Now tell me, how any God is just

To allow such misery and pain in us

To allow all the war sufferin and such

And to allow the President to remain untouched

[Hook: repeat 2X]

No different than the pimp game

Give you somethin to believe in

Give ya money to the preacher man

Take me a little higher, higher, higher

[Paris]

Pa** the plate around, put it on the buildin fund

While the priest get drunk and molest ya son

Such grief, no peace from the HIV

Thank god that he killin off the fags and fiends

But I guess the Lord works in mysterious ways

That's why it's okay for them to own the slaves

And civilize savages, praise his name

Take land, split the family up and sell off babies

What I'm sayin, it's kinda f**ked up to trip

That the sh*t you believe might not exist
Somethin like a unicorn man, it's on the list
With Big Foot, Mickey Mouse, Santa Claus and myths
And sh*t some might say "they's blas-phem-ous"
When I question the plague in Af-ri-ca
When I question the way your Jesus looks
And the way it affects all the minds of us, I'm sayin

[Hook]

[Paris]
Now look here, it's about that time again
When the corporations say spend and spend
On the trees and the gifts and the travellin
Kam told y'all the holidays are not ya friend
And when everybody floss, you can get it at Ross
And the midnight sales make 'em smile at Zales
What the hell~! They'll sell y'all the whole damn earth
Everything at the mall celebratin his birth
From a virgin, a perp couldn't make that up
If you believe that I got a bridge ready to dump
While your broke a** givin up the cash, fo' what?
They say the faith kicks in when the facts can not
And it make me wanna holla, Benny Hinn's the man
Like Creflo Dollar, that's Big Pimp-in
F**k rap, I could lead you from a life of sin
Sh*t next Sunday, we do it all again

[Hook]

[Paris]
Now I know some of y'all get mad at songs
So get your gay senator to pa** a law
Get the free speech out the way once and for all
Tap his motherf**kin shoes in a bathroom stall
Greenbacks, no tax is the golden rule
Anything they can do to keep y'all some fools
Don't mean to offend but that's okay too
Long as y'all recognize and explore the truth
Because it .. ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop~!

[Hook] - 2X

"God bless us all" (*3X*)

» Rebels Without Applause

[Intro: Paris]

Yeah, yeah

Haha!

[Verse 1: Paris and T-K.A.S.H.]

I'm representin' where the sun set

Guerrilla Funk and we still ain't done yet

T-K.A.S.H. and the "Bush Killa," one threat

One sniper on the rooftop, one vet

Now come get with this West coast revolutionary tag team

Republican bad dream, blitzin' the rap scene

Pullin' over Five-O, profilin' white folks

Rewirin' Diebolds, why you lie under oath

I'ma let the fo' pancake, drag and scrape

Drive by the county jail with a hand grenade

It's a planned escape, Tomie Kash take the wheel

As I throw it at the gate for the Panther 8

While you sucker b***s trippin' off job cuts, I just

Keep a Glock tucked for the FBI

Like a Walter Reed patient, they'll let me die

For my deadly vibe, but instead we ride

[Chorus]

Real revolution, actual solution

You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that

Hard Truth the movement, more than just music

The respect of the ghetto is where it's at

[Verse 2: Paris and T-K.A.S.H.]

See we make the hood mobilize

Rise up cause they 'posed to rise, ride on you cause they 'posed to ride

For the Hard Truth Soldier side

When you see this motorcade unload and drive

Come slow from behind

And let the automatic make a hole from behind

The rich stay panicked, but the po' don't mind

If piggies get blasted, just those ha**lin' brown and black kids

We some West coast cla**ics, left vote pa**ing

No wackness, no braggin', so active

Freedom and equality we gon' have it

Known a**a**ins known for blastin' Dog and K.A.S.H

On and crackin', fo'-fo's and masks
For po-po's harra**in po' folks with pa**ion
Hard truth soldiers, our troops home right now
Or the nine millimeter might blaow

[Chorus]

Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at

[Verse 3: T-K.A.S.H.]

The hood know my name, I'm good with the game
If Cheney got shot then I would get the blame
Even though I didn't do it, the feds can't stand to see
A revolutionary with the ghetto influence
By the way I talk turf, and still spit the real
On the way they got work, for kids in the hills
But they only got purp, and pills where it is
Mo' liquor stores than church, the dead folks go on shirts
I'm T-K.A.S.H., the pride of the underground
Guerrilla Funk, never ride to another sound
Make a politician run and hide when they come around
Cause of how I instruct hounds to gun ya down
The government make scratch mo'
Than my home girl who be spinnin for my potna with the afro
Black folks stack dough, scratch the smoke
Subtract dope, add hope and vote, like that doe!

[Chorus]

Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at
Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at

› One Gun

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

"It's the fighting and development, and it threatens everyone who lives here. Some call it ethnic terrorism, and there's plenty of hatred to go around. African-Americans that hate Latinos, Latinos that hate African-Americans. In the past four years, an eleven percent spike in violence that crosses racial lines."

[Verse 1: Paris]

Original man, original family

Black-Brown unity, simple to understand

Ain't no us in them

Just us, 'cause just us trust us to bust the Klans and Minutemen

We the same thang

That's why the media is givin' us the same names

Convicts strikin' A**ata, the same game

Settin' up the same circ*mstances in the barrio and in the hood 'til we gangbang

Blame Spain, San Fran, San Diego, San Houston

Hampshire, New York, it's all the slave trade

Made rage, against us, we gotta defend us

In defense of the lineage in us

That keep us divided

Peep us fightin' one another and keep it alive with

Propaganda, paid informants, and people aligned with

Public school systems knowin' we the same person

But we a threat, so they secretly hide it

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H. and Paris]

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

Represent the same, represent the peace

So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef, what?

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

Represent the same, represent the peace

So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef? One

[Verse 2: Paris]

Thirteen, fourteen, Crip, Blood, Latin King, Vice Lord, M.A

Nah I mean, comprende?

Temples of Aztlan, pyramids up in Egypt

But we just see us for what the TV shove
Back to blackfaces, about the Brown race
We fight over a hate made up to douse flames
The fire over gentrification, colonization
To savin' abuela, auntia, uncle and tia
Seein' is believin', you wanna talk about a reason
Squabbin' in the seventh grade with the ese's, that's why them ese
But like they say, we ain't sh*t
We can't get past it if we don't even see it in the first place
The worst case is a race war
Only finna benefittin' the mothaf**kers who birth race
War would end in war with men
Who make war with skin and not towards your kin, one

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H. and Paris]

One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef, what?
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef? One

[Verse 3: Paris]

Way before the Mayflower, we came before Columbus
And Columbus came, makin' what was happenin' hard
Never laughed at the Cubanos for singin' the Babalu
'Cause I know that they was honoring the African God
All the Aztec pyramids, mirror this, intricate
Infinite civil bliss syndicate which has been
Twisted inside out, so we ride out

On our own kind, but it's too late before we find out
Damn, another Black and Brown race war
Death aside, race really ain't in case for
Another underhanded trick to enslave more
Spain-like Moors by Spain's white lords
One love to the revolutionary Latin bloodline
Lineage trapped, beside the Latin thug type
If you kill for my family, I'ma kill for y'all
So save the bullet for the people steady buildin' walls
One gun

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H. + samples]

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

"We have a lot of conflict with Blacks and Latinos, so we bring the Blacks and Latinos
together"

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

"I don't think it's fair that the two races that are brought down the most, are fighting against
each other"

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

"Those guys that made gang members, too. I know pretty sure inside they wanna change just
like me"

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

"We don't need to have violence in between the Brown and the Black, we need to stick
together"

[Outro]

"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh"

› Harambe

[Produced by Paris]

[The Honorable Louis Farrakhan]

Brothers and sisters, you deserve a break today

Brothers and sisters, you deserve a break today

Let us go forth from here

And as we go forth from here, let us build a greater cohesiveness and unity and love among
ourselves

Let's build brotherhood, sisterhood, friendship, and fellowship, and sistership, and
brothership, and get rid of the bullsh*t

Let's get rid of the n***a mess and pull together, and get away from this division and disunity
that keeps us bowing at the feet of our enemy and oppressor, to divide

Us and to have conquered us, and has put us in this condition

Brothers and sisters, I thank you

Now, I want you to stand just for a minute, put your Black fists in the air

Everyone, put your fists in the air

Let us all pull together

Harambe!

› Don't Stop the Movement (Warrior Dance Mix)

{*17 second instrumental to open*}

[Paris]

Guerrillas in the mist

The mainstream team with pro-black twist {*echoes*}

Hard truth soldiers in the game

Hard truth soldiers back again

P Dog, I evolve

I drag pigs to the slaughter house, vut I never eat hog

As the fed and the World Bank seesaw

We keep y'all in deep awe cause we raw

Like uncooked crack by the government

Hit like a base rock, listen to the ba** knock

Free 'em in Jena, by any means they walk

Let's see who ready to squeeze

Givin power to the people and take back America

Panic in the head of the state, pa** the Derringer

Aim and shoot, Beruit to Bay Area

Bury a Homeland Security card carrier

[Hook: repeat 2X]

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Don't stop the movement! Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Paris]

Panther power, acid showers

This land is ours, stand and shout it

This plan to cower, isn't ours

This man is proud, keep the scandalous out

Now if it ain't what we about, it's irrelevant

U.S. policy route? Embarra**in

Never leavin you without, we got medicine

And we never bend, we got better sense

Hard truth revolutionary black militant

Death to the Minutemen, checks to the immigrants

Streets still feelin it, we still killin it

We still slaughterin hawks, feed the innocent

Read the imprint

Guerrilla Funk was birthed outta necessity, collectively

Respectively, to behead the beast
On behalf of the left wing scared to speak, NOW GET UP~!

[Hook]

[Paris - in background over Hook]

Yeah... hell yeah... that's right

[Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan]

Something is WRONG!

Wrong with the government in which we live

Wrong with the leaders that lead us

Wrong with us... and the way we respond, to our enemy and each other

This nation is not about poor people!

Whether they're black, brown, red, yellow or white

This nation is about RICH people!

And to hell with the weak, the poor, they must serve~!

[Hook] - overlaps Farrakhan's speech

[Added to Hook]

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Paris]

Guerrilla on the loose

Scars on my neck but I'm holdin on the noose

Stars rock ice but they rollin like Roots

Thugs on the mic but they all shine shoes

See I don't care who you is or where you from

You look like slaves and tricks when soldiers come

And anybody disagree can get done

Coons'll run, battle lines are drawn

Take one for the U.S.A., the new Babylon

Renegade nation formed to do battle on

Man-made war for mind control, carried on

Mainstream media platforms to rattle y'all

But I can't be shook by the White House

Never go the right route, that's the right route

Bury me a 'G' for Guerrilla and I climb out

With the nine out, no time for time out

Get up!

[Hook]

[Protesting crowd]

The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated

The people...

[T-K.A.S.H.]

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard Truth, S-s-s-s-s-s-Soldier Radio

[Paris]

Yeah~!

[George Clinton]

Whoahhh-HO!!

[Unknown voice - repeat 2X]

G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk
We demand, just be some freaks

{*saxophone solo*}

[Paris]

We don't ask no mo' or question, we take it, we just take it
And we don't wait for them no mo' we take it, we just take it
We all come up or none, it's all love, we take it, we just take it
Now we don't wait for them no mo' we take it, we just take it
(Don't stop the movement!)

[Unknown voice - repeat 2X]

G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk
We demand, just be some freaks

{*instrumental solo with P-Funk sound effects*}

[George Clinton]

Yeah he look awful but he'll tee off like when we take off of course
Comin in under par with the stroke of his voice, follow through
Yet he's drivin you crazy with the words that he utters
From the tee to the green usin the wood for a putter
That's what he said, no he didn't stutter!
Reachin the hole in just one stroke
Fore~! Woo
Socially engineered anarchy induced chaos
So you playaz, you can count on it~!
Nothing lost around here, it's on the one
That fuss was us!
Them metaphors leaving metafools metaphysically in a state of euphoria
One mo' time! Hey!
You're in the presence of your past
And now they wanna count us out
But they are now, being funked down
We program, biologically, to benefit us
The age of modification, hahahahaha
(Don't stop the movement!)

[Unknown voice - repeat 4X]

G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk
We demand, just be some freaks

{*instrumental fade 28 seconds with one last "don't stop the movement"*)}

RAPIS

CHANGE
WE CAN BELIEVE IN

CHECKS
WASHED

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

pistol politics



› Lethal Warning Shot

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

Warm it up bruh, it's time to put 'em to the test

P-Dog back up in mix from the West

Some throw a dub, but we throwin' up a fist

And a few things need to be addressed, goin' down the list

Let's get this mothaf**ka crackin'

Hard Truth Revolutionary back rappin'

Back on the map, finna put the Black back in

And stop actin' like the Black movement is past tense

Real n***as understand

Return of the drop squad recognize the brand

G-U-E-R-R-I double L-A funk

Comin' out the yay with that Bay funk

Yeah, still in line with struggle

Right with the right side recognize the hustle

Muscle on off brands stand with the muzzle

Aimed squarely at them fairy tale posin'-a** sissy clones

What kind of freedom you got?

Only one on that one-time a**, make 'em stop

Gat Turner with the twin burner, twenty-one shots in my drawz

Red beam on a pig make 'em pause

You could take it or leave it alone

Stay away from a soldier when he in a zone

Make way for a panther that's free to roam

And creepin' on all enemies until all his people on

[Hook: Sandy Griffith, Paris]

Say this, play this, spray this, can't evade this

Lethal Warning Shot

We bang this, claim this, name this, sang this, thang this

Lethal Warning Shot

That's the sound ya can't avoid

First round is on ya boy

We clap back, with that, get back, it's that

Lethal Warning Shot

[Verse 2: Paris]

Comin' live from the Bay

The side where the Black lives die everyday

No rise in the pay, just hard times of the lost lives
On the front lines cryin' in pain
P (Dog), the needle in ya sandwich
Blood on behalf of the low and middle cla**es

Hard truth cla**ics, twelve point plan for freedom that's the transcript
Stand and demand this
Real spit, to keep us outta coffins
Gives a mad f**k 'bout the law, chalk 'em off and
Know for too many penitentiary is callin'
What's the next level? Gotta bring it to the devil
Mobbin', squabbin', it's on from the get
Explode, reload, how many of us left?
Film at eleven, channel seven, hold ya breath
When black steel bring the hammer time back, it's a wrap
Nope, it's not the Occupy movement
Thanks but no thanks, I already know the truth
And was very well acquainted with the term 'revolution'
Way before you waited for the price to drop and moved in
Repeat that, tweet that, P-D-O-G back
Freedom fighter relapse, sleep strapped
Lean back or get relaxed
I'm puttin' hands on the enemy and pullin' white sheets back
[Hook: Sandy Griffith, Paris]
Say this, play this, spray this, can't evade this
Lethal Warning Shot
We bang this, claim this, name this, sang this, thang this
Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

[Verse 3: Paris]
On ya set that, It's that, Guerrilla in the mix
Gotta get that, get back, hit 'em with a brick
Go ham on the man and I plan to get us some
With a plan I get it done, with a plan to get us some, now
'Bout damn time n***as got the meaning
Guerrilla Funk smotherin' ya set, please believe it
Guerrilla Funk smotherin' ya set, ain't no weakness
Just rough rap over rough beats clippin' weak sh*t
We all rise to rise and bring us up

And strive to bring us up, comprised to bring us up
Disguised it for the club, now it's time for freedom
Screamin' 'power to the people' out the roof of the Regal
Get my clap on, blast on, who wanna see us?
Tell them mark a** motherf**kin' pigs we beefin'
Tell Barack's a** n***as sick and tired of needin'
And we in this motherf**ka till we get some relief, it's lethal
[Hook: Sandy Griffith, Paris]
Say this, play this, spray this, can't evade this
Lethal Warning Shot
We bang this, claim this, name this, sang this, thang this
Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

[Outro]
Till the casket drop
Until the casket drop, yeah
Until the casket drop with that
Lethal- Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

› Bring That Slap Back

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

Bringin' you back what you miss in hip hop
Hard Truth Sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier Radio
You are tuned to the voice of armed self defense, broadcasting in the year of fire!

[Verse 1: Paris]

Back with that program
Fog city, no wack flows, no ham
Bring it back to the prose of the black man
Black hat, black strap, black fist in a black SS
We crush all when we throw down
F**k a throne, n***a, watch what we on now
Bring it home so the whole world know how
With no singin', no bling, just the real when we do our thing
See, I come from the land where the panthers mob
(One) glance and you know from the stance what's up
(We) advance programs that'll stand us up
And finance grants so the fans come up
Any fool with a view too could see what's happenin'
When hard truth bring the whole movement back in
Where youth get the truth that the schools is lackin'
And rhymes from the front line to see what's crackin', goin'

[Hook]

Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bing that slap back

[Verse 2: Paris]

Hot damn hoe, here it go again
Back up on the set to let this n***as know what is
Back up on the set to keep it honest for the kids
Back to show the way to stay alive and out the prison
F**k what you claim, this is game for real (yup)

We just, need to rise and build
And bring back pride that we used to have
It's Hard Truth comin' from the Sons of Malcolm
It's time to meet the guer-rillas
The soldiers, the leaders and the pro hittas (pro hittas)
And motherf**kas gonna feel us
This time or gonna be some blood spillin'
That's how it is, how it was, how it do, how it does
How we do, payin' dues, never lose, never run
Steady gunnin' f**k a pig, n***a do your thang
And let 'em know it's on again...all power to the people

[Hook]

Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bing that slap back

[Verse 3: Paris]

Steady spittin', get the picture comin' through in the clutch
Gettin' witcha heavy hittin' n***a givin' it up (givin' it up)
Puttin' hands on these off brands, undefeated
Hard to beat, n***a, balls deep, please believe it
A beast when I bring the noise
Ain't nothin but a choice, and we choose to voice
How we steady makin' men from boys
Make em understand what the government's plan is for us
Show em how to thrive and survive the streets
To compete, how to eat, from these real OGs
When to walk away and when to reach
And show 'em how to mean what they say and to say what they mean
Little locs soak the game up, claim they life
They awoke from the shame and the pain and lies
Ain't no jokes, we control the way we defined
Let's see who wanna test it, tr
Mothaf**ka, we united

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: T-K.A.S.H.]

Yo, another funeral, the usual, the shooter knew the shooter
And the dudes in the crew in which the shooter was recruited
Now the shooter dude's Buick is movin' up on the shooter dudes

Now you see the shootin' through the news

What if the dude shootin' would've got to the bottom

Of what made him shoot him before he shot him?

Got a proper solution to the problem

Instead of talk tough and drop 'em

Walk up and wop him, a strong enough option

[Verse 2: Paris]

Little wild a** brother comin' up in the west

From the streets where the heaters never given a rest

Role models pa** the bottle, ain't no time for cla**

Gun play seem the only way to settle scraps

What we doin'? Let's get it together

Cause it don't make sense if we all can't make it better

Like the Crips and Bloods in nine deuce

P-Dog speaking on the truce, truth

[Verse 3: K.E.V.]

Or is it logic to be duckin' and dodgin'

Or take a precaution, try and wonder who's watchin'

Too much hate on ya brain is toxic

Mixed with the rock in ya pocket, it's a poisonous concoction

War's because of money, recruiters influence youth

Rumors turn into shootin's and shootin's become the truth

Facts is the belief that the stacks is written proof

And stacks is for better living but living is in the truce

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'

Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone

Headstrong, my bread is long

[Verse 4: T-K.A.S.H.]

If the neighborhood say it's good

We can make the hood way good like the way it should

We can make good, on the lake good

People of the past promise to change the hood, 'cause the best know

If you play Suge, all you ever get is Death Row

I ain't finna check nothing I don't get a check for

We can bang tough, or we can put the thangs up

Change up, step our game up, rearrange stuff

[Verse 5: Mellinium]

Look at each turf like a partnership, try to get a part of this

Fightin' for a piece of cake when we can have all of it

Trigger's on the safety, now the talks has gotta make things

Simple so an eight year old can see the life of eighteen

Take it there, I can't dream, these gunshots is audible

Waken to enlightenment or die for something honorable

Raisin' up the dollar though he tryin' to put a dot on you like dominoes

We gotta live way past survival, yo

[Verse 6: Paris]

Never ask first, blast first, never understand

Why the strap burst, clap first, another brother dead

Time to step back a bit, gotta ask why

We all in the penitentiary and all dyin'?

No lyin' - we caught in the middle

But how we break up out our circ*mstances is the riddle

Little time left, crime left too many of us fallin'

But how many gonna hear the callin'?

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'

Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone

Headstrong, my bread is long

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'

Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone

Headstrong, my bread is long

[Interlude]

"This morning police are searching for suspects in an overnight shooting"

"A young man was, uh, gunned down in broad daylight. It happened right in front of a community center"

"Oakland remains one of the most dangerous cities in America"

"Two people are dead, and another injured, after an alleged stabbing and shooting in San Francisco's Richmond district"

"Two teenage girls and a twenty-three year old man were killed. The suspect is described as African American, with shoulder-length dreadlocks. He's 18 to 21 years old, 150 pounds, approximately 5 feet, 7 inches tall"

"We all walking around here, don't even know when we gonna be a victim of a crime"

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'

Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone

Headstrong, my bread is long

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'

Toss my strap for the bigger callin'

(Truce Music)

I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone

Headstrong, my bread is long

› Buck, Buck, Pass

[Verse 1]

I was told, because I didn't witness the jump off
I was sick even 'fore I got my first cough
I was cold and black and made for killin'
With no conscience or feelings
Just like the million other burners that's just like me
A**embly line made killers for the murder and bleedin'
Got my first taste loaded when they tried to test me
Exploded on the first one, caught him in his chest
That's what a gat's made of
Knowin' I'm the hate that hate made, and regulate anyone
Equalize, neutralize any situation
Any cat runnin' up, any confrontation
I was put into a room with the rest of us
With the rest of us, ready to bust
Many rounds, any town, any city or state
Never rest, any contest, sealin' your fate
No mistake, I only come out when talkin's done
After squawkin' some, and never run
Never foolin' and ya just might lose, black steel in the hour
Give the power to the average dude shootin'
Clik clak boom, that's the rule
Clear the room, when I move 'em, cause confusion
Known for retribution, ain't no mercy, it's murder
I burn 'em and hurt 'em no further words necessary

[Hook]

We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**

[Verse 2]

Guess I pa**ed the first test 'cause they shipped me out
Extra clips and a grip quick to whip me out

Turn nerds and these teenagers into killers
Overseas in Afghanistan, every village
I would go from being cold to warm, to hot quick
If anybody wanted some, it's on
Once dumped on a whole neighborhood for fun
Even shoot you in your back it I caught your a** runnin'
Little kids and they mamas too
Might pick ya little man off the roof, who's who
Don't matter cause they all look the same to me
The blood splatter on the concrete stains and claims the streets
No peace from this piece
I squeeze em and beat 'em, feed 'em slugs when the lugs get dumped
It's no reasoning, it's no use pleading, it's open season
We defeat 'em when this heater get heated I bleed 'em and leave 'em
[Hook]
We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**

[Verse 3]
Made it back in one piece fasho
But can't say the same for the homeboy that brought me home
He was off on that PTSD
The PTSD was keepin' him tweakin' and testy
'Fore long for we was hittin' the streets
Bloodshed wasn't nothin' to me, we street sweepin' with no relief
Full metal jacket as we pump and dump 'em and stack 'em
Let's get it crackin'
Be the first to burst, now who's the last to last, I blast them
To ashes, and fill they little caskets fast
That's what I do, that's my job, I was made for the beef
Killin' off all these young black men and causing grief
Oakland, Frisco, Detroit, LA, Chicago
That's where I go
From city to city, backyard to yard, even Newtown Connecticut

But now ya wanna ban my clips, hypocrites
Never gave a damn about a black teen dyin'
 Quit lyin'
Take me down to your neighborhood buy back
They so scared, they don't want to see me try that
 But it's so many more like me
We multiply, never die, we exist to feed
We exist in America from corporate greed
In the midst of the fake fear, lyin' and evil
Even got the police turnin' on each other
Blap a pig with that "get back," run for cover
 Now it's all bad, funny how it's all bad
When the tables turn, got 'em shakin' till they fall back
 And ya better hope that we don't come for ya
 NRA, LaPierre, get 'em done for ya
Never thought we would come back and gun for ya
Pull the hammer smooth back and then dump for ya

[Interlude]

"Most of the shootings took place in poor neighborhoods, far from downtown and tourist attractions; One reason much of the city seems to be shrugging its shoulders."

[Hook]

We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
 Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
 Buck, Buck, Pa**
We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
 Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
 Buck, Buck, Pa**

[Verse 1: Paris]

Mic checka one, two, welcome to the movement

Nut check on this hollywood gangsta coonin'

On deck, still freedom fightin' for improvement

From a vet, do or die, sucka free I'm ruthless

Everyday we see the way they always do us

The ninety-nine percent is talkin', but does that include us?

Nine times out of ten, our problems deal with shootin'

I got ninety-nine problems, but I can't confuse 'em

The real sh*t is who dies and who's cryin'

Whose lives always touched in the clutch of violence

Immortalized on a t-shirt, hear the sirens

Hella straps for these young cats, who supply 'em?

All I care about is violence in our neighborhoods

It's all silence when it comes to stifilin' the hoods

It's all silence when it comes to violence in the hood

Cryin' Trayvon, but everyday it's on in blood

I say, to ya face, what about the blappin'

No applause, what's the cause for these n***as clappin'?

Is it the message these off brand cats is rappin'?

I'm spittin' hard truth to you, n***a put that in

I never run, stay about my business

Take this black on black thang back before we end us

Make this blue on black activate the soldier in us

Make it motivate us to eliminate the menace

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

Hard truth, is what we came to tell ya

So recognize who really got balls

It ain't too many true ones left

But you don't have to worry at all

We sacrifice our lives

Keep the movement on the rise

Lift ya voice and sing, lift ya fist and swing

Forever givin' you all we got

[Verse 2: Paris]

Another n***a dead, wig split by aggressors

Choke the trigger make these pigs understand the message

Keep your motherf**kin hands off all my brethren

Make this gat cough, get up off this forced confession

Make it plain so you understand the lesson
Leave his racist a** guessin' with the Smith and Wesson
 All guerrilla from the sidelines, no concessions
 I'm providin' you these guidelines for the method
 One, don't engage a pig 'less you have to
 Two, never tell 'em they can search, that's the worst move
 Three, f**k a protest bruh, this ain't the sixties
They could give a f**k and n***as get they a** whupped quickly
 Four, and since we on that protest sh*t
 Know you ain't protestin' if you askin' permission
 Five, stop puttin' all your business in the street
 Facebook is just another way for police to infiltrate
 Six, stop trustin' the new, they'll go and tell
 Only let ya real folks know, remember COINTEL
 Seven, tearin' up these small businesses just ain't the answer
 If you need to mob, take a molotov to the chancellor
 Cause chances are your chances are hella slim
 To pay for college, why the knowledge gotta be for them?
 Eight, never go toe-to-toe, keep it gunplay
 From a distance so that you can live to fight another day
 Nine, only get with the guilty for what they did
 Careful when you ride, never brutalize the innocent
 Ten, and keep it all an eye for an eye
 Listen, even if we blind, let the punishment fit the crime
 One, two, ah yep, yep, huh
 On blue, ah yep, yep, ah yep, yep
 It's all true, ah yep, yep, ah yep, yep
 We fall through, ah yep, yep, ah yep, now you know
 [Hook: Sandy Griffith]
 Hard truth, (Yeah)
 Is what we came to tell ya (That's right)
 So recognize who really got balls
 It ain't too many true ones left (Uh-huh)
 But you don't have to worry at all
 We sacrifice our lives
 Keep the movement on the rise
 Lift ya voice and sing, lift ya fist and swing
 Forever givin' you all we got

[Verse 3: Paris]

Now look here, you can occupy these nuts
I got ninety-nine problems, the percent ain't one

No outcry when we die, you never noticed the plight
Of brutal cla** oppression 'til recession ravaged the whites
Now you fall in, we all in the same gang, right?
At least until these companies proceed to tell us they hirin'
'Til these companies again see that it's cheaper to fire
And lie and kill the dreams of people simply tryin' to survive, and I'm tired
But it's all good, we all good, when y'all good
It's all good as long as struggle's all in the hood
Call the cops, George, and profile, these Negroes, we know how
The story ends with Skittles in my hand, no hope for survival
I'm liable to crack your motherf**kin' face
And get to shootin' then we'll see if you get a taste
And see if you will see excuses as acceptable claims
Or if you'll do to me what should be your solution for him
P Motherf**kin' Dog, motherf**kin' "woof"
I tear the roof off this motherf**ka, hollerin' truth
With no slapstick, or buck dance, no Flav's without the Chuck's, man
Y'all suck man, I'm seein' through the coonin' and the yuks man
I'm seasoned, west coast motherf**kin' G
Sucka Free, Cali Bred Revolutionary
And it ain't no Sinatra wannabe in me
F**k peace, I cross 'em out and put a K for my freedom, believe it
So come on people "oh yeah"
Join in the struggle "oh yeah"
Fight for liberation "oh yeah"
Every generation "oh yeah"
So come on people "oh yeah"
Join in the struggle "oh yeah"
Fight for liberation "oh yeah"
Every generation "oh yeah"
Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Know the game plan, look at how they always do us
It's pistol politics, know the enemy is ruthless
Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Take a look around, recognize and take notice
Stop the black on black violence and stay focused
Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Know the game plan, look at how they always do us

It's pistol politics, know the enemy is ruthless

Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Take a look around, recognize and take notice
Stop the black on black violence and stay focused

› Robert's Theme

(Panther growls and roars)

Revolutionary Hardcore

Revolutionary Hardcore

Revolutionary Hardcore

Revolutionary Hardcore

Paris

In the cause of freedom and justice

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

Let our people take to the streets in fierce numbers

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

Meet violence with violence

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

And let our battle cry be heard around the world

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom now! Or death!

Revolutionary Hardcore

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

Revolutionary Hardcore

Paris Paris Paris

Revolutionary Hardcore

Paris Paris Paris

Revolutionary Hardcore

Pa-Paris Paris Paris

We must protect ourselves

We must defend ourselves

We must meet violence with violence (Revolutionary)

Let us be prepared to fight to the death

(Revolutionary

Revolutionary, one more time

Revolutionary

Revolutionary

Revolutionary, one more time)

Guerrilla Funk

› Night of the Long Knives

[Sound of LRAD]

No Justice - No Peace!
No Justice - No Peace!
No Justice - No Peace!
No Justice - No Peace!

"F**k the police we gon' be in Ferguson... [?] b*t*hes...we gon' see what's happenin'"
"What's up y'all scared, no! What's up y'all scared, no b*t*h!"

[Verse 1: Paris]

F**k a pig is the right call
Gang whistles and pistols at nightfall
Bang on 'em for the lives that remain lost
Click clack is the get back new att**ude for blacks
Gotta bang for the way they treat us
Like animals, police clap and beat us
Like animals, police blap with heaters
To protect and to serve, better know who your enemies are
Been too much talkin' man, no talkin'
No more speeches, candles, no marchin'
No more grievin' parents, no Sharpton
No more calls for peace, let's spark it
And ride on these pigs till the wheels fall off
Collide for our rights till we rise above
Ain't no time for no talkin', let's chalk 'em off
Back 'em off us to show the cost, till they recognize

[Hook]

It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
When we all come together hope we don't collide
It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It's the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)

When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Verse 2: Paris]

One black man's killed every twenty-eight hours

By pigs and these fake vigilante cowards

Claimin' they scared only after they profile us

And beat us or worse, so we hit back first

Set it off with a molotov home-made charge

Blap when the strap, cough cap the sarge

Can't trust so we bust on officers

Now they callin' all cars, suspects at large

So we blast first then we ask questions last

Do like they do, mobb and mash

Do like they do, ain't no pa**

No stop, no frisk, just blap that a**

Cause we say gunplay only thing that works

Squeeze, retreat in Guerrilla Spurts

Do a drive by, ride by, clap and squirt

From the rooftop, shoot n***a, put in work

[Hook]

It's the night of the long knives

That's the sh*t

It's the night of the long knives

Lettin' off slugs and bricks

It's the night of the long knives

Pigs can't handle this

When the people come together better watch your six

It's the night of the long knives

And you can't deny it

It's the night of the long knives

We worldwide united

It's the night of the long knives

Know real riders ride

When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Verse 3: Paris]

Ma** incarceration, ma** surveillance

Ma**a, we just can't take it

Can't take the blame and the cold abuse

Can't take the slave route in the pen for you

Can't take this police state, I can't lie

So here's an open letter to the FBI
To the pigs and the CIA and prisons
To the force that enforce for the one percent
See we see right through your bull-sh*t
That's why we move and pull quick
No love for the people, now we've had enough
Keep it incognito when we call your bluff
And let these motherf**kin' hot rocks hit ya neck
Hold court in the street 'till you learn respect
That's a promise and a motherf**kin' soldier's threat
Gotta feel us to feel what we understand, we goin' in

[Hook]

It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
When we all come together hope we don't collide
It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It's the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
When we all come together hope we don't collide
It's the night of the long knives
That's the sh*t
It's the night of the long knives
Lettin' off slugs and bricks
It's the night of the long knives
Pigs can't handle this
When the people come together better watch your six
It's the night of the long knives
And you can't deny it
It's the night of the long knives
We worldwide united
It's the night of the long knives
Know real ryders ride
When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Outro]

Because the only language America speaks is violence
The only language America understands in violence
So let's talk

"We want an immediate end to the police brutality and mob attacks that our people are
confronted by every single day
Every single week, every single month, every single year
Across the land

This is the only reason, that we don't become involved in these non-violent demonstrations
To walk up to a man nonviolently, he got a gun in his hand
We are ready to die, or we're ready to see if someone else dies
I don't need to turn the other cheek

This black man was shot by policemen, not some Ku Klux Klansman down in Mississippi
They saw that he was black and they began to fire point blank
But they are dumb enough to think we have forgotten
We don't never forget
You don't kill our brother
You don't shoot one of us and then grin in our face
You don't shoot one of us and then shake our hands and think we forget
No, we never forget
We'll never forget!
Someone has to pay
Somewhere, somehow, someone has to pay

› Hard Truth Soldier (Redux)

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Just below the surface is hate
Retake, Black Panther mind state
With a platinum heater tucked in my draws
Still raw, still down for the cause
Choosin' words wisely
Knowin' some despisin' what I'm writing, ain't no time for compromising
Watchin' coons clown, ice cold expression
Too many on the paper chase with no direction
So we correct 'em, catch 'em in dresses
Snatch your b*t*h a** backwards myself, 'the f**k you thankin'?
"Blap" when the strap buck, now they back up
Ain't no more act up, now sh*t ain't funny no more
I know that some of y'all 'course, ain't feelin' me
Everyday it seem to get worse, y'all n***as killin' me
I stay low key, and let 'em be with the coon sh*t
Blame it on the coon sh*t, it's real like that
Cause Hollywood ain't real like that
Hold up your hands if you feel like that
Where all my hard truth soldiers at?
Hit back, it's P-Dog, I never run or buckle
Knowin' when you look in my eyes as I choke the muzzle
Always reppin the struggle
Represent the people, freedom fighter do or die on another level
Never looking' to settle
Black metal, Gat Turner with the twin burners, when I buck the devil

[Hook]

What they say, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
That's right, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

[Verse 2]

So many fake a** J-cat wannabe acts

With them fake raps n***as always wanna be macks

Never face facts, n***as always wanna relax

So I stay black, make them cat n***as collapse

Gives a f**k bout your shine, I'm a rider for mines

Let the dogs out, never leave a child behind

Goin' balls out, cause you know I'm knowin' the time

So I call out, all these coon n***as with rhymes

It's the G-U-E-R, R-I double L, A funk

Back to black, back with that

Black fist and blackness black back to business

B*t*h slap ya lip and clap back at pigs

This is, the movement, I keep it a hundred

Take it back to the days when the people was on it

Take it back to the days when black fists was raised

Take it back to the fight, black people unite, I tell 'em

[Hook]

What they say, you ain't nothin' but a soldier

Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier

Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

That's right, you ain't nothin' but a soldier

Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier

Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

[Verse 3]

It's that 1-2-3, the 3 the 2-1

Paris back in this motherf**ka, muggin' and gunnin'

To rewind and remind us of what it's about

Shine light so the blind get to figure it out

OG Coon killa, who wanna test

Any n***a in a dress, I'ma put him to rest

Any wannabe pimp police or kingpins that's rappin'

And pushing poison to kids, I'm killin'

Like that, n***a what? It's hard truth

The return of the rough, and y'all through

I'm black manhood, I can't be bought

Or sold out or co-opted, swayed or paid off

STOP cosigning' coons, make us all look bad

STOP cosigning fools say we hatin and mad

Man, you motherf**kin' right n***as hatin' and mad

So STOP co signing' coons, make us all look bad

Take us back to the days, back to the start
Back to the place, back to the art
Back to the panthers and livin' in peace
And to community and kids playin' safe in the street
Take us back to black businesses with black business
Black wealth and black people doing for self
Take us back to days so we moving in step
Till we raise up understand it's freedom or death, and tell 'em
You ain't nothin' but a soldier
Straight hard truth soldier

[?]
Yep yep yep yep, [?]
Yep yep yep, [?]
Yep yep yep yep, [?]
And they know they can't catch me now

Yep yep yep yep, [?]
[?], [?]
Yep yep yep yep, [?]
And they know they can't catch me--

The return of real hip hop
Where my hard truth soldiers at?
Where my hard truth soldiers at?
Say yeah... (yeah!)
Say yeah... (yeah!)
Say hell yeah... (hell yeah!)
Say hell yeah... (hell yeah!)

› Hold the Line

See, the way you talk
Is frightening quite a lot of people
And I want to know
Are you going to minimize your way of approach?
Because not everybody's a revolutionary
And the fear is keeping people away
From coming together as we should
Now, what can you do about that?

There's nothing I can do about that
Because it's my firm belief that somebody has to be there
Everybody can't be mealy-mouthed
Everybody can't tiptoe through the tulips
Everybody can't play politics
Everybody can't compromise
Somebody has to be strong
I wouldn't have to be as strong as I am
If I saw some others being strong like that
I could tone down
But I'm feeling such desperation
To get the message out
To try to plant the seed in those who are strong enough
That the walls of their mind
Can hold that revolutionary light
It closes doors in my face
It cuts back on money [?]
It drives some women away from me
But I keep on pushin'
And somebody has to hold the line
I'm gonna hold the line

› Call Signs

Tell them young boys they ain't messin' with me

Justice

N***as on TV, they hella fake

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do

It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth

Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth

We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear

It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?

True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere

When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 1: XienHow]

They didn't think that I was ready for all that

But I a**ure 'em and then they just fall back

They ain't ready for the level I've gone bad

There's lions, and tigers, and then there are small cats

I'm headhuntin' for the head of the horsemen

Can't nobody say that I did not warn them

'Cause I'm not in it for the money and fortune

I'm only after who ain't paid for their portion

[Verse 2: Paris]

Now I blast and catch actors fast, I smash b*st*rd's backs

And snatch masks, the fake, they fall back

Who could see me when I rough 'em up

Stick 'em, I stuck 'em, snuff 'em

Corrupting the quo status, tellin' 'em who the baddest

True J-u st-ice, mack major

Play the mix, faders flick, we raid, blitzin'

Cold, but you ain't never seen it colder than, bolder than

Put my mack down, soldierin', n***a, snap a photo then

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do

It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth

Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth

We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 3: XienHow]

Now who could say that I do not handle business?
When everything that I have started I finish?
And I will do it just to say that I did this
The government wants me quiet and timid
They want me working that 9 to 5
So I ain't never gotta use my mind
And they don't want me telling you what I find
They wouldn't mind having me doing some time

[Verse 4: Paris]

Uh-oh, now there they go, we move in slow
Blast fast, and mash, mathematics'll smash past
The av-er-age plans of these off brand emperor
No-clothes havin' a** hip-hop simpletons
You in the presence of the general, ask 'em
Who the coldest motherf**ka on the microphone rappin'?
P-dog in this b*t*h, never slippin' or switched
Never missin', a prime hitter, get 'em, I get witcha

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do
It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth
Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth
We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 5: XienHow]

In the fight for the battle for truth, we face all kinds
There are warriors ready to answer Call Signs
Now that they got us online
They are saying my future's no longer all mine
I don't think inside a small mind
I envision a future that is beyond time

I will hit all the hard lines
I'ma take it straight to 'em to get 'em all eyes
[Verse 6: Paris]
I'm rough on 'em, like that, I cuss on 'em, like that
I bust on them cats that make the rap that make us like that
I fight back and write tracks that captivate with tight raps
With kick drums that smack, complement the clap and high hats
And ask 'em, stop and take a look at our condition
Take time to listen, cause sedition is the mission
Wishin' death upon my enemies, defendin' the line
It's a sin to me we finna be completely resigned, open up ya eyes

[Verse 7: ?]
What ya doin', don't try to hold me back
Tired holdin' back, I'm about to get my Glock
And attack you, don't get in my way
'Cause it's a new millennium, it's a brand new day
Got my n***as, fake a** n***as
Here, we're done you all n***as
How many times I pull to gun dem out?
Why, why why why why why?

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do
It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth
Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth
We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

Why write it if you ain't f**kin' livin'

Justice

Yo, we are now
Stepping into
Revolution
XienHow
Paris
Evolution

Of the mind

› Brown Eyes

[Verse 1: Paris]

Under seventeen was when her body started impressin'
Been under scrutiny from dudes since early adolescence
Understood the game, understood just how to play it
She understood underprivileged was overrated
Always under pressure, 'cause her face was unforgiving
Underage, but her body done seen hella living
With attention undivided, she had understanding
That underneath it all the money was what really mattered
And her mentality was, "F**k it man, I gotta have it"
Had seen her mother struggle underwater with finances
With no father, unsupervised, she learned to manage
Undeterred, she would serve 'em till it hurt from damage
Under-educated, but she knew enough to know
The golden rule is that you rule if you control the gold
And her cat was golden, so she understood her role
Kept the money foldin', on the under, never told

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

See uh
Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes
Girl you know we need you, that's no lie
Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

[Verse 2: Paris]

By her early twenties she was under the illusion
Men would always spend whenever sex was introduced
Used to playin' games under covers, under wraps
Under the misconception sex would always bring the snaps
Unpredictable, her lifestyle was hella shady
Tryin' to trap a baller, get him whupped and have his baby
Under the influence, underweight and hella skinny
Loud-talking out in public like that sh*t was pretty
Under-educated, never knew what she was missin'
Didn't understand the fact she didn't have to pimp the kitten
'Til a real pimp came along and got her twisted
And put the hanger on that a**, cold and unforgiving
"B*t*h, stay down, lay down and get my bread"
'Fore he put the smack down that was all he said
All she wanted was to be like Kim Kardashian

Funny how that works, on the mattress, back again

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

You see, uh

Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes

Girl you know we need you, that's no lie

Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off- let me off

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off- let me off

Free, free, free, free

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off- let me off

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off-

Free, free, free

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

See uh

Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes

Girl you know we need you, that's no lie

Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

[Verse 3: Paris]

Under the circ*mstances, twenty-eight seemed like a blessing

Tried to undergo a transformation to escape

Went underground for awhile, stayed undetected

But it was understaffed at the shelter and she left it

Took her chances though they all told her to be cautious

She was unconcerned, their alarm was met with nonchalance

Called the undertaker, cause they found her unresponsive

In her underwear underneath a parking structure

It was too late to understand what could've saved her

Underestimate these streets and end up under daisies

So much untapped potential underneath the surface

In the end, gotta ask, "Was it really worth it?"

So sad, she was caught up in the undertow

Never really knowing, never had a chance to really grow

All alone, just a full grown little girl

In the underbelly of the hellish underworld

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

See uh

Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes

Girl you know we need you, that's no lie

Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

› Raid

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: T-K.A.S.H.]

Grew up in the ghetto
Rocks stars, heavy metal, fellows peddlin' pebbles
Cop cars full of devils, hit the set in severals
Try they best to set us up and get us up in the federals
Emerson, Carter, Oakland Tech
Went to Mac summer school, ask Bean from the West
Sixteen with a vest, big dreams of a Tec
Forty-five and a chop, tryin' to lock up the block
Peasant as an adolescent but I grew to be king
Jedi Prince, Bombthreatt dropped and I ain't looked back since
But for a minute, I just took that glimpse
Thank God, I did not decide to cook that brick
UnderMobb, Stolen Legacy, I shook that sh*t
Most of 'em wasn't Guerrillas, they just look that sh*t
Half of us still speak, through it all still weak
But it all back together, come with some real heat

[Verse 2: CMG]

It's the caramel light chocolate catastrophic
Lyrical mosh pit, huh, the floss chick
Invincible to weak MC'ss that never seen me
Comin' at a hundred degrees, I'm like fleas
That make ya itch, the wicked witch of the West
Savage mic flower, unseen too fresh
Creepin' out the dark with them blows to the guts
'Cause you never see me comin' from up out the cut, what?
We Raid, raid on, raid on

[Verse 3: Special One]

See us skee skirt, we work, ready to ride
I'm in my t-shirt, we serve, ready to fight
The street sweeper, bleed ya, freedom or die
Now who could see her, we the, dirtiest kind
Never beat, GOP's with these golden gloves
We'd rather see 'em in the streets with these golden slugs
It's K1, N***a show me love
We never beat, never weak, TCD, we thug, we mobbin'

[Verse 4: Paris]

We take the ride on, shine on, light that touch
Keep the fight on, ride on lies that cut
We collide on, rhyme on rise and bust
On they crime on - life to divide us up
Keep it basic, n***as want improvements now
N***a face it, they wanna keep the movement down
F**k what they said, we comin' with the proven sound
It's that bay sh*t, guaranteed to move the crowd, we sayin'

We Raid, raid on, raid on

[Verse 5: CMG]

I got that sin juice flowin', thick in the veins
And I'm finna set it off without no restraints
Lookin' strange, before I blow out gauge
On the front page news see me center stage
CMG the squaw with the native tongue
Never bitin' on a rhyme and still keepin' 'em sprung
West coast gangsta, savage beastie
Feastin' on wack mcs discreetly

[Verse 6: Special One]

I'm mad at you hoes cause y'all don't feel it
We holdin' up a mirror to the streets, now who the realest
For real it, B*t*h, the ballot or the bullet?
My finger's on the trigger for my freedom I'ma pull it (I'ma pull it)
Now check it cause you might get hurt
See we clappin' off the straps if the rap don't work
(Sh*t, don't make us have to do that dirt
I got this freedom in my drawz, conscious daughters for the cause

[Verse 7: Paris]

Identify genocide, ride or die, we wreck
Guerrilla Funk, hard truth, we devise respect
Break through to the youth, keepin lies in check
For my troops and the fruit - NOI connect
Have pride, you could rise and confide in us
Keep it live and advise you we size em up
Understandin' the plan they devised for us
Never ran, keep it mannish we rise us up, we sayin'

We Raid, raid on, raid on
(Raid on soldier, raid on)
All day, everyday we raid, believe, (Yeah)
All day, everyday, we break, [?]

We Raid, raid on, raid on
(Hell yeah)
[Verse 8: T-K.A.S.H.]
Real players, real hustlers
Busters still hate us
Can't touch us
Gangsters still stay up
Double up the paper
We prayin'
Bubble up the police
Don't show me
No love, cause I don't tell on homies
Show love for the young cats who know me
OGs that lace me while growin'
This one's for the hometown of Oakland
East side, west bound and north [?]
South Sac, south Stockton, Portland
Back down to the state that's all golden
[?]

We Raid, raid on, raid on

› Turning Point

I am tired!

I am tired of people beating down my people!

I am tired of people beating down our man!

I am tired of people beating down the mentality and [?] of our children

As African people, we must [?] to the level where we stop letting people use [?] to do us

It is most important that we understand even in the recesses of our mind

That we are in a state of emergence

It's become absolutely essential that we cut out all of the foolishness

All of the foolishness

We cannot make any more excuses

That [?]

Leave nothing without substance

Nothing without substance

Where do you stand on the community?

The fingers have got to turn

› Give the Summer Drums

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro: Paris]

89.5 KPOO in the city by the bay, hard truth soldier radio

Black owned and still strong, still got it goin' on

San Francisco California, bringin' it back with old school slaps, still puttin' in on ya

Representin' Freedom Justice and Equality, believe

[Verse 1: Paris]

Guerrilla Funk in the buildin', no straps on us

We hit the function and chill, a pro-Black moment

We tryin' to bubble for real, a mo' scratch moment

The opposite of killa with backbone it's on

Sunshine, Northern California summer time

Grillin' somethin' other than swine, bustin' rhymes

I didn't see one crime so wasn't no one time

It's fun time, old school vets lacin' young minds

I ain't talkin' bout no murderin' blacks

I'm talking learning and encouraging blacks

Man we bringin' that encouragement back

Still respectin' the new school dudes and they YouTube views

I'm pushin' the 6-9, they pushin' the scraper

We at park and its crackin', my potnas doin' it major

Cold weather in the fall, but for now we loungin'

Summertime in the Bay and when it's good is astoundin'

Give the summer drums

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Gangstas, hustlas, none of that is among us

Just real life vets and youngsta's

Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime

In the sunshine, nothin' up in the gun line

Give the summer drums

[Verse 2: Paris & T-K.A.S.H.]

Laid back, way back

Marvin Gaye track on a 8 track, day to relax

That's how we do it on this West Coast

Barbecue and Domino's, homie let's go

Unity and togetherness, let the rest go

We on that elevate, come on brother, let's toast

Kick that black on black violence out and shut the door behind it
Rewind it back to good times from the Bay to LA, back to Sac
 Neighborhood superstar, block hero
 Neighborhood animosity, I got zero
It's like that when you really reppin' for the people
 P-Dog, Tomie Kash, "Better Days" sequel
 Shot to 43rd Street, but it ain't lethal
Respected in Oakland for change and remaining peaceful
 Yappin', no blappin' in my rappin'
A smile on my mask when I'm askin' "What's happenin'?"

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Gangstas, hustlas, none of that is among us (Hey)
 Just real life vets and youngsta's (That's right)
 Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
In the sunshine, nothin' up in the gun line (Yo)
 Give the summer drums
[Verse 3: T-K.A.S.H.]
Brains all over the streets, brains I'm hopin' to reach
 Hangin' all over the streets, bangin', I hope it'll cease
Change and grow into peace, rainin' with dough in the streets
Sprinkle the dough with the yeast, then we get bread, that's how we eat
 Tomie Kash keep it lit, but without the heat
Pull up with them pounds, but I'm only talkin' 'bout the beat
 Bust it in the air, just a friendly game of three-on-three
Ain't nobody dead 'cause it really ain't no reason to be
 You ridin' with black men that's tapped in
To the black men from back then, that's past tense
And the straps and the reaction that traps black men
 Back in the pen, it's back to relaxin' again
Did away with the thug livin', strictly gettin' high
 Realizin' I love livin', tryin' to get it right
 Unity, job opportunity
Community that's through with movin' in these streets foolishly

[Outro: T-K.A.S.H.]

Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
 Livin', livin', livin', livin'
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
 Give the summer drums, son

› Change We Can Believe In

You know, and we learn not to question our government and um, to be grateful for everything we got, but we didn't know that it was at the expense of many other people, in our own country, and all over the world

[Intro: Sandy Griffith]

Listen, baby

Let's talk about this life and what it means to me

Baby, listen

This how it's got to be

We only thought that you would come and turn these wrongs to right

But we see it's really all the same

Who knew that you'd disgrace us

White power in blackface us

Our eyes were closed

But now we all could see

[Verse 1: Paris]

Lookin' at the parties like, damn, what's the parties like

Just seems all the parties' right

Now I'm lookin' round wonderin'

What the hell has happened to us, it's on again

Just misery, so many promises

So many of us tried to make him what he really wasn't

Still suffering' so many unemployed

Still watchin', NSA's got me paranoid

Make me wanna holler, throw my hands up

Got us thinking' that we wrong if we demand stuff

So we propped the man up, but what'd it get us?

More useless excuses and more fed up

Sounds so sweet when he makin' speeches

Always preachin' hope and change like he really means it

Manchurian Candidate

Ladies love to hear him talkin' cause he's so slick

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

We sing it, but they never really understand, no they don't, no

We bring it, but they never seem to take a stand, no they won't, no

We mean it, better know they really ain't your friend, and they've shown it

So believe in me, believe in, believe in

[Verse 2: Paris]

Dear Mr. President, wartime president
Slicker than his predecessor, but it's still the same sh*t
 Lost jobs, lost benefits
 Lost public option, lost souls follow quick
 Lost all respect for that sh*t he selling
Same conflicts, but his reason ain't compelling
Same cause, same manufactured boogeymen
Same bombs drop when his poll numbers dip
Same profiteering - War's good for business
 Same Israel nut-jockin' - sh*t is endless
 Same wall street bailouts, early christmas
For the same motherf**kas that should be in prison
 Same racism, nothing changed bro
Wingnuts wanna point and say "I told you so"
We both hate his sh*t, but for different reasons though
They hate cause he black, we hate cause he wrong

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

We sing it, but they never really understand, no they don't, no
We bring it, but they never seem to take a stand, no they won't, no
We mean it, better know they really ain't your friend, and they've shown it
 So believe in me, believe in, believe in

[Verse 3: Paris]

Shiiit, so I'll say it all again man
Same sh*t, different day, all the same man
Same news cycle, same yapping' magpies
Same gats clapping' overseas taking lives
Now they say I'm hatin' cause I pulled his skirt
Same people that done lost they house and outta work
Got the nerve to think that I'm speaking' outta line
 Can't criticize cause he 'posed to be my kind
 But scared negroes won't rock the boat
 Same Bush-era tax cuts, same drones
 Same folks on lock, Guantanamo
 Same campaign stops, same sh*tty jokes
 Cracked while the world gets choked on
 And most black folk broke but still hold on
 To the illusion of choice
Both parties, both sides of the same bullsh*t coin

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

We sing it, but they never really understand, no they don't, no

We bring it, but they never seem to take a stand, no they won't, no
We mean it, better know they really ain't your friend, and they've shown it
So believe in me, believe in, believe in

› Murder Suit

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

Another casket they done asked me to carry
Another homeboy blasted they done asked me bury
I'm still exhausted from the last one, the setting was very
Hard to swallow but typical when the hood hit the cemetery
My heart is heavy for the families
Trapped in this tragedy of madness and insanity
Blapped in the street behind some bullsh*t he never seen
Got me thinking back upon the way we used to scrap we when was young and beefin'
When we would beat 'em, or might get did
But we let it go and lived, forgived
N***as knuckled up, buckled up, wasn't no whip it out and blast
Just because somebody muggin' when we pa**ed
When is thuggin' gone pa**, and this manhood thing come back around
Cause unity is cool by me
But until we get the message 'bout this death I say the rest is a wash
Too many livin' we lost, damn

[Hook: Paris]

Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Got me puttin' on my murder suit
In my best black too many times from all the shootin'
Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Now I'm puttin' on my murder suit
Got my best black one mo' time from all the shootin's

[Verse 2: Paris]

At the church again, sh*t is startin' to hurt again
Lookin' at another brotha layin' in a hearse again
Hear the Bible verse and then is off to the grave yard
A consequence of n***as thinkin' they hard
Put my arm around his mama but it ain't same thing as her child
She raised him up to never try to gangbang or be wild
A damn shame that he left to be a memory now
Plus he black and from the hood so ain't no empathy, wow
And I wore my "Rest In Peace" shirt to the viewin'
And they still ain't found the shooter

It's too bad now, it seems like it's gettin' normal to hear
About some murder in the neighborhood but nobody cares
It's all about this chrome fo'-fo'
Cause ain't nobody tryin' to box no mo'
I'm representin' for the homies throwin' things in the street
Realizin' at the same time, that's just me, god damn

[Hook: Paris]

Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Got me puttin' on my murder suit
In my best black too many times from all the shootin'
Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Now I'm puttin' on my murder suit
Got my best black one mo' time from all the shootin's

[Verse 3: Paris]

Never give up on my people, never leave 'em behind
Instead of teach 'em how to dougie, I'ma teach 'em to rise
I see these youngsta's tryin' to mug me but I see in they eyes
An intelligent, soldier who can see though the lies
It's really all what you believe in your mind, I believe you gone shine
But in these streets you gon' die if ain't no peace with yo kind
I ain't talkin' bout no gang affiliation
I'm talking doin' what it takes to change the situation
In this nation, you can be a brother with chips
Or be another statistic on a government list
Or do it like the brothers with the black gloves and a fist up
For revolution, even if you get ya wrist cuffed
You can be a great scholar or an African king
Instead of blappin' for bling, or somewhere trapped in the bend
You much better than a "rest in peace" legacy destiny
It's all about upliftment and lettin' the rest be

[Outro]

What are we looking at?
Two gunshot wounds to the upper-left chest cavity
At least three bullet holes in his left abdomen
I'm gonna need access. Here, I'm gonna start a subclavian line
Blood's filling his chest cavity. He'll need bilateral tubes
Betadine
Then take him up right now and start an ex-lap

We're gonna cut into your chest to place a tube that will help you breathe
It's gonna hurt like hell, but it's the only way

› Side Effect

[Verse 1: Paris]

On the stretcher, under pressure
The sensation of the slugs in my body is still fresh in me
Mama is stressin' me
In the ambulance readin' me Genesis 1 or 7, I only remembered half of that
As I blacked out, pa**ed out
Woke up in general with nurses pullin' my oxygen mask out
I'm ready to smash out, but I can't walk, can't talk
Morphine drip, draining my train of thought, distraught
Weed and Patron to make you get loose
Ran my mouth to the wrong n***as and they let loose
Let them Tec shoot, Smith and Wess' hit the set, hit with death
Hit my chest, clipped my breath, then they jet, damn
And just like menace, my n***as visit, revenge intended
To go to who gave it, and give it
Give 'em the business, wanna see their brains hang
Never thought I meant it, that I'd be going through the same thing

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

All I wanna do is feel better
But the red, white, and blue they got it set up
So the doctors and the nurses ain't there for us
Unless they working with the county welfare for us
Just basketball, alcohol, and jail for us
And a funky a** mr. access healthcare for us
In the hood we don't pay no attention
Cause it's just another way for you to bury us, uh come on

[Verse 2: Paris]

Yeah, it's time to check out, get out, before I leave
Signed paperwork, paying the cash out
Prescribing me painkillers and fluids to clean my flesh out
They told me copay with my provider is the best route
What the f**k is "copay with my provider" and sh*t?
F**k you mean if I don't pay, you ain't supplyin' me sh*t?
What the f**k is health coverage? I don't go to work
"B*t*h, I'm in these streets" I'm yellin' up at the clerk, it's nothin'
Six G's I pulled outta my pocket
And from a ten-grand hospital bill, they docked it
No diploma, no employment, no insurance, no benefits
No medicine, no better than when they let me in

I turn to mama, but mama ain't got a job
She's smokin' her damn self, that's why I'm up in the mob
My n***as be stackin' money, but n***as be actin' funny
When I call to see what's up on the hundred for my recovery

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

All I wanna do is feel better
But the red, white, and blue they got it set up
So the doctors and the nurses ain't there for us
Unless they working with the county welfare for us
Just basketball, alcohol, and jail for us
And a funky a** mr. access healthcare for us
In the hood we don't pay no attention
Cause it's just another way for you to bury us, uh come on
[Interlude]
(Phone ringing)
(Yeah) Hello?
(Yeah) Yeah, I'm a boss in the game
(Hmm) Tryin' to get my insurance on
(Get your insurance on?) Get my insurance on
(Phone hangs up)
Hello? Man, this motherf**ker hung up the phone

[Verse 3: Paris]

And I ain't feelin' right
No prescription, no medication, so I ain't healin' right
When I walk, I limp and my shoulders is still stiff at night
Tried to get a job, they tellin' me ninety days
I be blazed to evade the pain, mental and physical
Takin' hella aspirin, shakin' hella bad
When I asked the people up in Walmart about it
Made me lift my shirt and show 'em the damage, I can't ignore it
They squirm like mama did, and tell me see a doctor for it
But I can't afford it
It cost money and I got it, but I can't report it
And I got to pay the ambulance, they mailed a notice
Another thug life side effect, I failed to notice
This health insurance is some cold sh*t

› Power

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Two little nerds got angry
And brought entertainment to it's knees
Because they wanted music free
And knew what you don't know
With all that power that you claim
That you these streets and you run the game
Really, it just don't mean a thing
Cause they knew what you don't know
So now you take a look around
And music done turned upside down
And ain't no profit to be found
Cause they knew what you don't know
So all I say is use your mind
And next time don't get left behind
And get what you love taken by
Some dudes who wrote some code
Now that's cold

» Muggin' Ain't Thuggin'

[Verse 1: Tray Deee]

Who you thinkin' you intimidatin', frownin' up?
Mean muggin' ain't thuggin' 'less you down to dump
Down to scrap, ready for whenever it crack
Come time, front line at the head of the pack
Set it off, lettin' off at the pigs and all
Let the AK spray 'til they squeal and crawl
Got wires, now I ride to fulfill the cause
Gotta push black power 'til the system fall
With my fist in the air, a clip and a spare
Educated gangsta equipped and prepared
Finished with the ignorance and killin' my own
Politicin' with this crippin', brothas gettin' along
Plus we hollerin' at the brown now, keepin' it G
So the government in trouble wants peace in the streets
Yeah the revolution comin' homie, time to murk
But looks don't kill, gotta do that dirt

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

You look that way, but you ain't built that way
You don't really feel that way, it don't matter what your picture say
Maybe you should fix your face, 'fore somebody come and split your face
A political pistol case, get this straight, muggin' ain't thuggin'

[Verse 2: Goldie Loc]

My life been sacrificed
And I don't need a TV show to tell a n***a what's right
And I don't need to reinvent myself
You Hollywood-a** n***as need a lotta help
Look at the way motherf**kas dress
Wait until they run into the devil's reject
Rapin' you suckas that be sellin' your soul
Man I'm tellin' you, they tear 'em a new a**hole
To where they can't even focus right
Aww sh*t, look at how they did Mike
This music makes me meditate
And Satanism is somethin' I can't illustrate
I can feel it in my soul and bones
That if I let go I'ma lose control
They create you, then the break you back down

Too much love for this music so we crackin' right now, yeah

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

You look that way, but you ain't built that way

You don't really feel that way, it don't matter what your picture say

Maybe you should fix your face, 'fore somebody come and split your face

A political pistol case, get this straight, muggin' ain't thuggin'

[Interlude: Paris]

Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled

Throw your fist up in the air, and let's get real

That's right y'all

This more than rough, we callin' your bluff

And when it comes to rhymes...

[Verse 3: Paris]

So I bust up out this motherf**ka cold, who the savagest?

Screamin black power, let's see who the mannish-ist

Paris and the Eastsidaz saying it's a wrap

When the gangsters and the revolutionaries start breaking bread

Tell these government pigs we recruitin'

To do it like Huey P Newton because they shootin'

We ride unified ain't no hidin' in fear

Combined to protect lives of black women and kids

I'm a pro-black motherf**kin' mack for mine

Put the slaps with the message in the rap and grind

Old school n***a, hold out, back in ya face

Hard truth, put the black power back into place

Cause lookin ain't crookin', talkin' ain't walkin'

Yappin' ain't blappin', rappin' ain't scrappin'

And scrappin' ain't what's happenin' the bottom line is you ain't active

N***a you just actin'

Muggin' ain't thuggin'

› Martial Law (Redux)

[Intro: Paris]

Attention all citizens! Attention all citizens!

The United States of America is now under martial law

All constitutional rights have been suspended in the name of national security

Absolute compliance is necessary for protection of the fatherland

The New World Order now dictates that the penalty for dissent is death

This is your new reality

Do not attempt to think or depression may occur

War is peace

Consume, conform and obey

Remain calm

[Verse 1: Paris]

P-Dog, Guerrilla Funk, taking sheep from the slaughter

These automatics let 'em have it, f**k a new world order

Sick of tryin', sick of cryin' why we die and in prison?

Ain't no complyin', only violence is what's makin' 'em listen

F**k a politician, all they ever do is ignore

And f**k a closed border right to lifer callin' for war

F**k these close-minded simple evangelical w****s

And they stupid-a** home-schooled illiterate spawn

F**k a Huckabee, we buckin' these, ain't nothin' that's good

F**k a black ops and helicopters all in my hood

F**k a Bilderberger, we gon' serve 'em, people unite

F**k the military using kids to murder and fight

All I'm hearin' is these teary cries supporting the troops

All I'm seein' is these teary eyes whenever we lose

But what the hell they ever do besides pillage and shoot?

At all the colored people in they villages when they loot

It's all known, its evil at Bohemian Grove

I see that sh*t, see the cousins, see the skull and the bones

See it comin' see the dollar fall, never atone

See the martial law, see the Nazi criminal clones

See the police, so we pack, and stay strapped with black gats

For get back, when they clap, we clap back, now take that, and

Up in the mornin', early gunnin' for my opponents I'm knowin'

They ain't prepared as me guerrilla warfare in the streets

What you believin' in? I'm askin' the youth

That's from a triple OG repeatin' freedom and truth

So many stripes and I'm in this motherf**ka, look at the proof

I'm showin' you don't have be complacent, facin' the racist and ruthless

It's for ya mind, for ya body and soul

Now it's a battle for your money and for global control

But will the cattle wake up? Now that's what I wanna know

Shout to power in this motherf**ka, wake 'em and show 'em, I'm sayin'

[Chorus: Paris]

We ride on racists, rights are basic

We advise you, rise and take it

Tell me how many gonna hear the call

And how many of us know it's martial law?

When the police kill and have no regrets

And governments represent the one percent

Please tell me how many gonna hear the call

And how many of us know it's martial law?

[Verse 2: M-1]

This ain't a threat, it's a promise, I put that on my mama

And somebody gonna pay 'cause it's death before dishonor

They will never forgive, they ain't gon' never forget

So we set it off in the East, and we set it off in the West

It's the code to the streets, it's for the black and the poor

I learned that in the visiting room with Doctor Mutulu Shakur

He sacrificed for the fight, and that helped me see the light

'Cause a political education ain't just reading and writing

[Verse 3: stic.man]

I see freedom in Swahili on the wall in graffiti

A spray can became a silent voice for the needy

Ghetto children inherit the slums and tenements

In the projects, livin' off crumbs is bullsh*t

Ninety percent of the world's wealth controlled by ten percent

And America's the richest country in the world, ain't this a b*t*h?

How we livin' in conditions of poverty every day

And our realest leaders in the pen until their hair turns gray

[Verse 4: KAM]

The struggle of the sixties and the seventies is back

But black rappers, athletes and celebrities is wack

Wanna act like they a thug, but they ain't never with the fight plan

Busy in the club, drunk in love with the white man

Just a one night stand, freak for your people

Then it's back to the track where you speakin' no evil

Got the coward disease, so you need to go to church for it

We only lookin' for the Gs - search warrant

[Chorus: Paris]

We ride on racists, rights are basic

We advise you, rise and take it

Tell me how many gonna hear the call

And how many of us know it's martial law?

When the police kill and have no regrets

And governments represent the one percent

Please tell me how many gonna hear the call

And how many of us know it's martial law?

[Post-Chorus: Paris]

Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof

(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)

Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof

(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)

Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof

(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)

Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof

(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)

[Interlude: Paris]

Attention all citizens! Attention all citizens!

All individuals must pa** through security checkpoints for VeriChip compliance

All citizens are required to attend mandatory worship service on Sunday

Trust your government, we will protect you

Consume, conform and obey

Fear minorities and those different from you

War is peace, lies are truth

The number one enemy of progress is questions

We are your God

Remain calm, remain calm, remain calm

[Outro: Scratching]

"Su-su-su-su"

"Su-su-su-su"

"Su-su-su-su"

"Super sperm"

› The Greatest

Let's move onto the next question

Next question... go ahead

Hi- Hi- Hi-

Can you say why America is the greatest country in the world?

Can you say why- Say why- Say why-

America- Greatest country-

Diversity and opportunity

Can you say why- Say why- Say why- Say why-

Uh, freedom and freedom, so let's keep it that way

What makes America the greatest- greatest- greatest-

It's not the greatest country in the world, though. That's where you missin' the point

You're saying-

Yes

Can you say why- Say why- Say why-

Wait a minute, so you're gonna sit here and tell us that America is so cold, that we're the only ones in the world who have freedom?

Canada had freedom. Japan had freedom. The U.K., France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Australia, Belgium had freedom

So there's absolutely no evidence to support the statement that we're the greatest country in the world

We're sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service at this time

We're 7th in literacy, 27th in math, 22nd in science, 49th in life expectancy, 178th in infant mortality, 3rd in median household income, number 4 in labor force and number 4 in exports. We lead the world in only three categories: Number of cats that's locked up, number of grown folks who believe angels are real, and defense spending

So when you ask what makes us the greatest country in the world, I don't know what the f**k you talkin' about

› Search Warrant

Cops be warrin' with the search warrant
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

[Intro]

I know we bold, better ask about us
We won't be sold, speakin' truth the loudest
We go in so, can't nobody doubt us
Cause somebody gotta speak for the people, and uh
Soldiers control, we can't be divided
For the people, we represent the righteous
We way too cold, don't even think try us
It's hard truth for the win all my kin's invited

[Verse 1: Paris]

P-Dog, still on that organized warfare
If it ain't 'bout a revolution then I don't care
Break jaws 'till the state laws more fair
Escape dogs and batons and my door and stairs
I'm a panther but I'm hog status
Pro black silverback packin' automatics
Where a black man's life is cheap
Between police and the cold a** streets, got us seekin' freedom

[Verse 2: WC]

I was raised in a hood of hydraulics, narcotics and pistols
Hood politics and bird whistles
Lames can't survive on the turf, so they join the police
Or either kill innocent lives in the church
So I tuck the snug and move with a ya ya
While other n***as singin' peace and all that kumbaya
In God I trust, bust 'til the clip is empty
I'm underground, like Harriet Tubman in some D**kies

[Hook]

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in

[Verse 3: Tray Deee]

Never gon' compromise, break or apologize
Ride until I see a black face on the dollar sign
Thug with a conscience, f**k all the nonsense
Blackness the movement while justice the topic
And not just marchin', we pickin' off targets
Death to oppressors when pistols is sparkin'
Khaki suit, my uniform, general, my rankin'
Black revolutionary motherf**kin' gangsta

[Verse 4: Goldie Loc]

Always on the front line, dodgin' all the politics
Huey Newton zappin' 'em away with the gold stick
Sendin' robotic dogs to my door it's crackin'
I ain't runnin' like scary Jakari Jackson
I ain't spendin' one night inside ya FEMA camps
I got no love for republican or democrat
Brothers be glued to their phone
Open up ya eyes, black slavery's still goin' on

[Hook]

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
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Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in

[Verse 5: KAM]

I see you twist a lotta vicks, so I'm hip to y'all's crime
Pistol Politics on my mind at all times
Everybody know it's racial, but y'all don't wanna say so
So court is now in session, my expression's more than facial
Recognition, no smilin', mission, go wild and
Time to do my own hate crimes and my racial profilin'
I'm dialin' 911, 'cause I'm just gon' rebel
All rydas go to heaven, and cowards go to hell

[Verse 6: E-40]

I'm sick of you people shootin' us unarmed people
The Lord created us equal, but you choose to be evil
A victim of casualty, brutality, do us dirty
The audacity, even though we the ones who pay their salary
I'm smokin' a cigarette drinkin' coffee, back and forth pacin'
Stressed out, heart hella racin'
Trapped in the system, they got me on a leash
Process of elimination, no justice, no peace

[Verse 7: Paris]

It's the killa cali black guerrilla pig chopping organized
Ryders screaming black power, firin' on the other side
Do it for the women, for the babies, for the right to live
Do it for the freedom, f**k the system for the way it is
Raise a fist, it's all about race
And black lives matter so we organize and escalate
Calling all cars for the cause 'cause we tired of waiting
Don't worry what we gon' say, worry what we bringin'

[Verse 8: Sandy Griffith]

See ya groovin'
We soldiers and we done swore
To rep the movement
And always try to reach ya mind
We ain't playin'
But some never seem to notice
What we sayin'
I guess it's all part of the plan
To keep us losin'

[Outro]

I know we bold, better ask about us
We won't be sold, speakin' truth the loudest
We go in so, can't nobody doubt us
Cause somebody gotta speak for the people, and uhh
Soldiers control, we can't be divided
For the people, we represent the righteous
We way too cold, don't even think try us
It's hard truth for the win all my kin's invited

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

› Engage

Whoop, whoop, that's the sound of the police
So we shoot, shoot, makin' war with the beast
What the f**k you thank? Ain't nobody firing blanks
Hit the precinct, leave 'em all shakin' and stankin'
In the land where we programmed to shuffle and suffer
Where a black life is measured by prison and murder
Where they gunnin' black people down and burning the churches
And where the only sound that's heard is how we probably deserve it
 Got us sending this to anyone, thinking of doin'
 Like Dylann Roof or anybody thinkin' of shooting
Anybody thinking that had better know that we moving
 And that we rubbin' whole families out, as retribution
 Consider it a promise, f**k a threat if it's on
It's real deterrent you can bet on, brandishing chrome
 Scorched earth if we burst, all is fair in war
If it's an eye for an eye you'll see 'em die on the floor
 Let 'em clap, we clappin' we clap back, no rappin'
 No yap no jaw jackin', no convo is happenin', no
 Unforgivin', ain't nobody givin' a f**k
No understandin', ain't no holdin' ya hand, and no love
 No huggin', no rubbin', no talk, no candle burnin'
Ain't no marches, ain't no rallies or meetings, ain't no sermons
 Just burnin', desire to fire on the oppressor
Let the messenger connect with his chest plate and register
 I'm the real wrong n***a to f**k with
 That knows to show, so the proles revolt
So you know, ain't got nothin to lose, nothin' to prove
Be the hardest one to move until the truth gets through
Just the sounds and the smell of the, automatic weaponry
 Sizzlin' these piggies and hillbillies we killin'
 Fill 'em up if they go bad, and toe tagged out
Send 'em back, bagged, wrapped in a confederate shroud
 And tell them kissin' a**, open mouth kissin' a**
 Pipeline to prison a** n***as and b*t*hes
 With that silly sh*t, silly all talkin' and posin'
 Worldstar coonery, house n***as be frozen
Get ya head right, a ryder is readin', the riot act, better heed it
 If you breathin' and latino or black
 Crack the code 'till it's known, if it's on it's on
Come together, and recognize the movement is growing

Engage

► The War Dance

[Verse 1]

It's a true story 'bout two homies called "them"
Any two'll do, call 'em "him" and "him"
One from the ghetto, the other from the 'burbs
First is a rebel, the other is a nerd
In a two parent household, Moms and Pops
They so well off, sellin' bonds and stocks
But fell off 'cause he don't bond with Pops
And not comfortable with Moms a lot, that's the nerd
Compared to the rebel on the hood plantation
The pimps and the macks and the gang bangers laced him
Moms straight smokin', Pops is MIA
The chance for advancement for him ain't great
Both from two different worlds, but they both the same
Both idolize hip-hop style and slang
Both thinkin' manhood is defined by thangs
Emphasized in the raps we sang, sh*t, but we'll see

[Chorus]

It's the war dance, this the way it usually start
It's the war dance, everybody playin' a part
It's the war dance, maintain, gotta stay hard
It's that bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie
It's the war dance, got 'em all caught in the game
It's the war dance, don't matter what you reppin' or claim
It's the war dance, we all die one and the same
From the bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie

[Verse 2]

Repet**ive negativity combined
With music can afflict and affect the mind
Rap lies take lives to the pen with rhymes
Thinkin' prison finna get 'em they stripes, look here
This time, let me tell you just how the crime went
Rebel met nerd on some down to die sh*t
The nerd met rebel, found a cat to ride with
Now they outside the store lookin' in
One come from bad circ*mstance, never had a family
One did, but felt they didn't understand him
Young kids doin' what society demanded
Companies that owned jails and music planned it

Nerd brandished the gun, seen the money, grabbed it
Rebel waited for him in the car, music blastin'
Cashier shot, then cops, and they captured
Both hit the pen laughin', "This is blackness"

[Chorus]

It's the war dance, this the way it usually start
It's the war dance, everybody playin' a part
It's the war dance, maintain, gotta stay hard
It's that bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie
It's the war dance, got 'em all caught in the game
It's the war dance, don't matter what you reppin' or claim
It's the war dance, we all die one and the same
From the bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie

[Verse 3]

The first night, Big Homie said he want his a** licked
Nerd said "No," so he got his a** kicked
The rebel got his a** kicked and his a** split
It wasn't no more laughin' and sh*t
Two black men, brainwashed from the start
Never knew back then, these corporations play the part
To pursue black men for slave labor on the yard
Rhyme stars lead 'em to a life behind bars, follow
The countries that own companies and trade publicly
Invest in the music companies and praise thuggery
The money from the thuggery, they put it into jails
Just for criminal, young black males
All from the sound, penitentiary bound
While the sheep just follow 'em and swallow it down
Either working for the system, or we dead in the ground
Even with a new n***a in town, it's the

» Keep Pushin'

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

Do the things that keep it movin' every day
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose

[Verse 1: Paris]

Why can't we understand?
Why can't we understand?
Why can't we comprehend?
Recognize the underhanded
Nature of the way they do
Keep us all, under rule
Love to see us always lose
Still the same, nothin new
Tired of the strugglin'
Struggle got us stressin' it's
Harder than it's ever been
To get the family close again
Mama working double shifts
Pops ain't never missed a day
Never missin' hours, never call in sick
And never late
Bills keep piling high - what do we do when
It's hard when you try to do right - we keep it movin'
Same grind, same time, steady punchin' a clock
Same climb, ain't no sunshine, they keep us on lock
And we easy to provoke, broken focus and hope
It's hard to cope with there's no control and never support
Just broken dreams and promises, we live to survive
It's no succeedin' just believin' what we need to get by, but why?

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

Do the things that keep it movin' every day (We keep pushin')
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't (We keep pushin')
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true (And it don't stop, and it don't stop)
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose

[Verse 2: Paris]

So we need to get a little closer now
Just like we supposed to now

Ever seem to notice how
Come up and then they slow you down?
Hate to see us go without
But ain't no hiring if you brown
No hirin' in the town, and these streets
Compete and call us out
Steady tryin to live right
It's harder when you live right
It's harder when you live right, cuzz
You just can't live life
So consumed with anger, I'm
Just beneath the danger zone
Just beneath the surface and I'm prone
To put these things up on ya
It's all bullsh*t, these b*tches think we stupid with it
They keep us stupid with it, through the music when we listen
Through the television, mission is to keep it twisted
And keep the people broke and fat and working for the system
So many obstacles, it's possible to fold and flounder
So I stay committed, keep my game tight and family grounded
And pound the pavement making statements I'm a hard truth rider
And James Evans n***as, goin' hard with father guidance

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

Do the things that keep it movin' every day (Keep pushin')
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't (Keep pushin')
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true (And it don't stop, and it don't stop)
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose (Yeah)

Do the things that keep it movin' every day
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose

PARDIS PARDIS



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

NBC
ISNBC IT

SUNKEN

FOX
NEWS

SAFE SPACE INVADER

› Bang Bang

[Intro]

This is the Oakland Police Department. We hereby declare this to be an unlawful assembly,
and in the name of the people of the State of California, command all those assembled to
leave the area immediately. If you do not leave, you are in violation...

No justice, no peace
No justice, no peace

[Verse 1: Paris]

Yeah

Thang thang in my lap like
N***a really want this rap life?
I maintain me some act right
Little devil get your facts right
Back where it all started
Not purple but black hearted
From the land where we hustle harder
Thought I let it go, but I'm just smarter
Back raisin' my fist
Makin' 'em mad when I'm goin' like this
Never caught in a twist
Might run up but ya leave with a limp (look out)
Won't stop till we all eat
Beast mode, Bay n***as all beast
Spit clearly so we can all see
It's no fun if we all can't get a piece

[Hook]

Bang Bang (what?)
Move as a team on the fake sh*t
Unified, rise and awaken (what?)
Ain't gon' stop 'til we make it
And ain't lettin' sh*t slide, ride up and take sh*t
Bang Bang (what?)
Y'all motherf**kas don't want none
Don't be surprised by the outcome
Bus' on these hoes 'till we all won (what?)
Say it loud, fist in the air 'til we get somethin'
Bang Bang
[Verse 2: Paris]

Ooh, back with that knock
Comin' with them LS swaps and them big blocks
 Warm it up and don't stop
 NorCal sh*t over everything at your spot
 Still comin' bold with it
 Guerrilla Funk n***as come cold wit it
 Hard truth, go get it
 Beat that a** back for the cash then we all split it
 No cap, it's the real comin'
 Made for ya ride so your sh*t's slumpin'
 Bring em out, see who run the summer
 Everybody in this motherf**ka swangin' somethin'
 All gas no brakes
 Slappin' out the back of my Chevrolet
 Comin' straight out the Yay
 Y'all n***as thinkin' revolutionaries came playin', what's up?

[Hook]

Bang Bang (what?)
Move as a team on the fake sh*t
 Unified, rise and awaken
Ain't gon' stop 'til we make it (what?)
And ain't lettin' sh*t slide, ride up and take sh*t
 Bang Bang (what?)
 Y'all motherf**kas don't want none
 Don't be surprised by the outcome
 Bus' on these hoes 'till we all won (what?)
Say it loud, fist in the air 'til we get somethin'
 Bang Bang

[Verse 3: Paris]

Listen to it, get into in, sweatin' to it, trust
Reppin' us and keep a weapon for the rest in case they steppin' to it
 Blessings all around for my people, don't even worry 'bout it
Brothers gonna work it out and bubble, ain't no doubt about it (let's Ride)
 Comin' hard, with hard looks at hard facts (hey)
 It's hard truth with hard proof and hard raps (hey)
 No cap I just clap back and snappin' upon on that a**
 Out the blue and had you thinkin' we was cool wit it
 Ain't no braggin' or laughin' no rag flappin'
 Or laggin', no back slappin' or slackin', I put the black in
 On post, I'm known, to roast a POTUS
 And prone to go in, approach and turn 'em to ghosts, now notice

Gives a f**k what you think
Gives a f**k how you feel, where you from, why you blinkin'
Y'all seem to be completely underestimatin' what it is that
Got a n***a started in the first place, so I give it
Revolutionary day one, revolutionary day one, listen

[Outro]

Revolutionary day one, revolutionary day one, Revolutionary
Revolutionary day one, revolutionary day one, listen, listen
Revolutionary day one, revolutionary day one, Revolutionary

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Nine, ten, eleven, f**k twelve
Oh- oh- oh my god
Oh- oh- oh my god
Dog
One, two, three, four, five-

» Why Reconcile

[Intro]

Do you think a man that talks like this is afraid of death? I was born for the liberation of my people! So death don't faze me. But I wonder, are you as ready to die as you are to kill?

[Verse 1: Paris]

It's one for the panther hearted
Pushed this line since I first started
Pro black, and it gets no harder
Can't understand if you don't regard it
Brothers tryin' to build so you see the picture
Neighborhood watch, bring the homies witcha
Won't stop 'til we had enough
Mo' money mo' land mo' jobs mo' comin' up
Every neighborhood, town, every street and set
No regrets, just grind so we all eat
Aligned we unite and combine 'till we all free
Stand up, fight back, man up and then
Buy black, buy time, stack up ya bread
Re-emerge, buy back and don't never let
Motherf**kas ever get up on us like they was again

[Hook]

Step into the mind of the most hated
Killa Cali mindset calibrated
Apply pressure, ride on the enemy
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
Ain't no middle ground, ain't no understandin'
Just demand fairness 'til we advancin'
Apply pressure, ride on the enemy
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace

[Verse 2: Paris]

Now we back on that mobilize
Won't relax 'til the people rise
It's combat 'til we equalize
Real eyes realize real life ain't for layin'
Bullet, not ballet if they want static
Blappin' at they Klan rally turned tragic
F**k peace, the automatic systematically
Keep your b*t*h a** back 'til we get our freedom

On they head, fog city bred
Thorough with this triple OG Cali cred
Go hard on em, swarm on the ones blockin' those of us
Born true and sworn to come through for the most of us
Grew up on that no bullsh*t commandment
Pops wasn't playin' that's how he planned it
Take a look around see who still standin'
Hard truth motherf**kin' street soldiers still mannish

[Hook]

Step into the mind of the most hated
Killa Cali mindset calibrated
Apply pressure, ride on the enemy
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
Ain't no middle ground, ain't no understandin'
Just demand fairness 'til we advancin'
Apply pressure, ride on the enemy
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace

[Outro]

Why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace

Why reconcile?

Rise

We got to over the hump

We got to over the hump, yeah

Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down

Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down

Black Power (Black Power)

Black People (Black People)

Black Man (Black Man)

Black Woman (Black Woman)

Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)
Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)

Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)

Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)

Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)

All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
Oink Oink (Bang Bang), Oink Oink (Bang Bang)

All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
Oink Oink (Bang Bang), Oink Oink (Bang Bang)

All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
Oink Oink (Bang Bang), Oink Oink (Bang Bang)

► Press On

[Intro]

And while you sittin' on your b***, afraid to come into the community and deal with the
gra**roots of your people, a whole generation has come up around you. Black revolutionaries,
sick and tired of what's been goin' on...

[Verse 1: Paris]

Back on my bully sh*t, no filter
Back fully equipped, y'all feel it
Back to get the people riled, and motivated
Panther's back, no smilin', all hatred
Still no affinity, for silliness
I'm toxic masculinity, you feelin' this
I recognize game and raise ya, and I suggest
You dial back that sh*t you sayin', it's disrespectful
I'm physical, political, and principled
Break your nose, let these devils know, ain't no suppossin'
Ain't no ya**uh bossin', no flossin', or bread breakin'
F**k what you think you on, a n***a takin'
Cause that MAGA sh*t'll get you soggy, soakin' wet
I know this cracka got you froggy, but I suspect
You computer cowboys don't want it, and you'll regret
How a n***a put a crease in you cowards if we connect, let's go

[Hook]

Let's go
Bruh ya best know
Ain't no question
Count your blessings, learn lessons
And press on
With no concessions
We fight oppression
With aggression
To get the rest on
Stand tall and press on

[Verse 2: Paris]

I look around and see n***as coonin', without a doubt
Huggin' pigs though they shoot us, and mow us down
Just goddamned fools hopin', they gon' change
Cryin, tryin' to plead and show 'em, that we in pain
But anti-black backash, will be a blur

Back to hashtags and no compa**ion, for n***as murdered
Been true since the days of slavery, keep us scurred
And murk black a****s and babies, it's the purge
Now let's see who wanna answer, I guess I'm canceled
Guess you want fancy dancers, instead of manhood
See black twitter twitchin', little b*t*h
Remind Stockholm Syndrome n***as of how they lynch us
I'm pro black and it's clear, you n***as weird
I stand here completely fearless, 'cause I'm aware
Your only cap is that I'm racist, or outta touch
I don't believe in warm embraces of toxic love

[Hook]

Let's go

Bruh ya best know

Ain't no question

Count your blessings, learn lessons

And press on

With no concessions

We fight oppression

With aggression

To get the rest on

Stand tall and press on

[Bridge]

It don't take much to see

They don't f**k with you and me

They say so, but actions prove that they don't (prove that they don't)

That's why we understand the need

To build up our own communities

Love us, and do for self and stay woke

Now ya

Might think, we on one

Cause we, don't take none

But if you do, this ain't for you, no (this ain't for you, no)

We just

Make it, plain to see

That we, must get free

If you agree, we sayin' let's go

[Verse 3: Paris]

So I steady make the sound 'til the people come around

Don't just film and stand around next time they got us on the ground
Clappin' rounds for the black and brown back the f**k up offa mine
Let the pistols whistle through they gristle, give 'em naps tonight
Who you think you f**kin' with? Ain't no duck and covers
Scratch that pig off the list, with a K and plug him
Guerrilla Funk means beef with pork, n***a we gon' beef with pork
Try to put the genie back for sh*t you started
'Cause protests only placate the people
Protests only mitigate response to evil
Go test if his vest work, tell me if his chest burst
And see if these devils really want upheaval
Bald eagles get barbequed, n***a feel me?
Make these pigs squeal 'fore you steal and burn the city
Apply pressure in the only language that they traffic
And let's see how many of em really want that static

[Outro]

Shots fired! Officer down! Shots fired! Officer down! We got a city officer down! Shots fired!
Shots fired! Unknown where the suspect's shooting from

F**k you gonna do? F**k you gonna do?

F**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k you gonna do- F**k you gonna do when the-
F**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
Back- back- back- back- back

(Dog)

› Nobody Move

[Verse 1: Paris]

One, two, three

It's that mad a** sucker free guerrilla with the get back

Seems you forgot who you f**kin' with

Pistol grip pump in my lap for this

Mannish and brandish your mind

Been damagin' these off-brands live since '89

Hard truth to ya, speakin' from the booth

From the Bay to Southern Cali, central valley

Steady slumpin', bumpin', I'm on the mic

P-Dog layin' in the cut to strike

Apply pressure with aggression

No stressin', but at the same time

Contemplatin' how I could bubble and push my same line

With murderous intent

Convince the proletariat to listen, envision

The uprise and the wise eyes open wide

Ride or die hear the battle cry united for the fight

Get 'em!

[Hook]

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

Real spit, read the sh*t

Raised fist, keep sayin' it loud

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

Read the truth, never lose

Keep it movin', steady doin' us proud

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

Back 'em off us, if it's coughin'

Then his coffin's gettin' filled right now

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

With that pow pow

Chicka pow pow

Chicka pow pow

Pow!

[Verse 2: Paris]

Guerrilla Funk on that Mau Mau, who the realest?

Never bow down, f**k they feelins

Buckle up, knuckle up, cousin this

The return of authentic hard truth spit

The Trump killa, Pence killa, Bush killa, Cop killa

Pop McConnell, back on my Geronimo

Blappin' on 'em, slap 'em with the sound, won't apologize

Won't understand what you stand for, a compromise

B*t*h what you thought it was

Got me clappin' on the blappin' while the salmon clammin' up

Fishy n***as with that sissy sh*t

Suspect identified as any n***a ridin' on the fence, now who wanna try it?

Colonize and get your guns up

N***as dumpin' on the first one to come

And I'm back to blast on the MAGAt's

Combat it, no cap is savage

Been practicin' so the strap will do the damage

Leave 'em staggerin', I'm back again

Grip rider with the zip ties

N***a feed 'em all fish and f**k they kids

Beast mode, f**k peace for the babies separated by police, from they families seekin'
freedom

See, it's the American way, sayin' "warriors come out to play"

Raised on that Bay sh*t I'm sayin' ain't nobody playin' with it

Best admit it, P is cold as an ICE raid when n***as speak

[Hook]

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

Real spit, read the sh*t

Raised fist, keep sayin' it loud

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

Read the truth, never lose

Keep it movin', steady doin' us proud

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

Back 'em off us, if it's coughin'

Then his coffin's gettin' filled right now

Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
With that pow pow
Chicka pow pow
Chicka pow pow
Pow!

[Verse 3: Paris]

Some ride around when I write about us
Glide by in the towns see the signs 'round us
Gentrified by the whites and the weirdos and the ones
Making beer with they artisan beards and man buns
N***a this ain't Migos
From Flint to Puerto Rico
I represent the blacks and immigrants from all the sheet holes
No free throws
I'm golden from the state, I'm in the paint
You try to keep a motherf**ker quiet but you can't
You could tweet that Donny, believe
Ain't no motherf**ker breathin' that can see me
I mean the, G in me wanna let it spit and blow your brains out
No stress, ask your predecessors how I gets down
Now I'ma say it for the slow
Don't let your president get you doe'd
Now it's the return of the uppity n***a you suckas stuck with me
I'm buckin' any cuck who think he rough enough to f**k with me
Now f**k a knee, I flip the bird, stand with Kaepernick
Stack a grip with housin' a**sistance and scholarships
No dragon energy, I'm draggin' any enemy or any weak MC
That seek celebrity on TMZ, n***a please
We's on track to see those
I rep the G code, I blap they nap and get to reload
So we grow, it's go cat go
Ain't no blow back, no throwback
Just smack a neat MC and end a ho back[?]
Y'all know that I'm quick to bust your motherf**kin' lip
Go and run and tell 'em, ring the bell and
Reach these with truth so we see these n***as' species
And teach these youngsters do for self and bleep the police and be free
Let me catch your a** coordinatin' with the orange satan and your best friends

Cause we gon' P your crown to this
G's up, foes down

While the real soldiers pounce to this

[Hook]

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

Real spit, read the sh*t

Raised fist, keep sayin' it loud

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

Read the truth, never lose

Keep it movin', steady doin' us proud

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

Back 'em off us, if it's coughin'

Then his coffin's gettin' filled right now

Nobody move

Nobody get hurt

With that pow pow

Chicka pow pow

Chicka pow pow

Pow!

› Chain Reaction

[Hook: Ms. Monét]

Call to action, chain reaction

All starts with you and me

No distraction, main attraction

Out front for all to see

Love the lifestyle that we live

It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given

Said life is what you make it

Uh, huh

[Verse 1: Paris]

Northern Cali days, Northern Cali raised

It's the Northern Cali way

Cloud said it's all good in the bay

Where to strive and the hustle to survive's an everyday thang

It's for the Cougars and Cutla**es

Even pushin' in a bucket, we all functionin'

680, 280, East Bay, West Bay

North Bay, South Bay, we all maintainin'

3rd street, Lakeview, Fillmoe, thank you

To all the thorough who remained true

But still keeps me a thang or two

Shout out to all the freedom fighters down to make a change too

Bang blue, bang red? We don't claim sets

We high side ridin' candy paint 'Velles and Vettes

Where ladies top notch, they don't come no better

That's California love, throw it up and sang together

[Hook: Ms. Monét]

Call to action, chain reaction

All starts with you and me

No distraction, main attraction (Tell em, tell em)

Out front for all to see

Love the lifestyle that we live

It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given

Said life is what you make it

Uh, huh

[Verse 2: Paris]

Hard truth soldiers we never sold out

Right wing trolls can get a swole mouth

We stay on the grind, and we gon' hold out
'Til we see 5-0 bow down and roll out, huh
I'm George Jackson when it's time for action
Another anthem on that brown and blackness
It's that triple gold Dayton music
That big ballin' bbq'in no hatin' music
We getting money in a legal fashion
Bald heads, long dreads in the Regal smashin'
Figure 8 and fish tailin' at the sideshow
Reppin' peace up in the hood and that's alright though
Real solid individuals
Overstandin' street knowledge and its principles
Giving back to up and comin's
Reciprocal respect is when the vets is on deck and the rest are runnin'
[Hook: Ms. Monét]
Call to action, chain reaction (Yeah)
All starts with you and me
No distraction, main attraction (Mash on em, mash on em)
Out front for all to see
Love the lifestyle that we live
It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given (That's right)
Said life is what you make it
Uh, huh

[Verse 3: Paris]
It's black power in the building and we comin' in peace
Unless you acting funny like you run wit' police
You know they tryin' to see the young hustlers deceased
Or in the pen with no way to win or chance of release
See Cali is active and every day we shout it
Black power, brown pride, know we stay about it
Community is real and we all maintainin'
P-Dog here still for the ones remainin'

[Hook: Ms. Monét]
Call to action, chain reaction
All starts with you and me
No distraction, main attraction
Out front for all to see
Love the lifestyle that we live
It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given
Said life is what you make it

Uh, huh
Call to action, chain reaction
All starts with you and me
No distraction, main attraction
Out front for all to see
Love the lifestyle that we live
It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given
Said life is what you make it
Uh, huh

Uh huh
Starts with you and me yeah
Out front for all to see, yeah, hey
Ain't nothin' given
Life is what you make it yeah
Uh huh

› Return of the Vanguard

Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)

Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)

Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)

Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)

Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)

Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)

Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)

Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)

What you wanna do (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do, bruh (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do, bruh (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do, (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do wit it (what you wanna do wit it)

What you wanna do wit it (what you wanna do wit it)

What you wanna do wit it (what you wanna do wit it)

Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em

Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em

Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em

Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em

Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em

Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em

Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em

Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em

Ancestors talk to 'em (talk)

The ancestors talk to 'em (talk)

Ancestors talkin' to 'em (talkin' to 'em)

Ancestors talk to 'em (talk)

Ancestors talk to 'em (talk)

The ancestors talk to 'em (talk)

Ancestors talkin' to 'em (talkin' to 'em)

Ancestors talk to 'em

It's the return of the vanguard, the vanguard

The return of the vanguard, the vanguard

It's the return of the vanguard, the vanguard

It's the return of the vanguard, the vanguard

[Verse 1: Paris]

Tired of the bullsh*t, tired of the bullsh*t talk

Punch a crater in your chest 'fore you pull quick

Bullwhip his backside, n***a got us backslidin'

Cut 'em slack, now I'm back to black on black violence, I

Tried to not fall out, now I gotta call em out

Some say, "hold up man," some say "stall 'em out"

Debo, he ain't my folks, hood pa** been revoked

MAGA hat'll get this n***a slapped, even she knows

Coonin', coonin', don't ya know they're coonin'?

Coonin', coonin', don't ya know they're coons? Don't ya know they're...

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

[Verse 2: Paris]

So complicit when he fiend for European

Validation conversatin' 'bout the choices that he say we makin'

But tell this Ruckus a** n***a that we bustin' caps n***a

Drop squad on that a**, ask the last n***a (aww sh*t)

Lil negro, tryin' to show what he knows

Tryin' to be the hero, so now we back and reloaded

Careful of your energy, confederate accessories'll get

Get your tranny sandal wearin' a** smacked, it's slaughter season

Now, who felt, this silly n***a need help?

This silly n***a need whelps, I'm taking off my belt

So run and tell racists that we takin out the trash

Black delegation move to trade this house n***a back

› Turned The Key

[Intro]

"Neighborhood tensions have been simmering over gentrification. Though moderate housing has been built, thousands have been displaced. While a new cla** of urban professionals took up residence in luxury apartment houses, spawning changes that cater to them"

[Verse 1: Paris]

I try to represent the struggle
But the struggle as of late is being co-opted to bubble
Check the hustle, poverty-stricken huddles
Poverty stricken of us just displaced and rustled up
With po' folks rushed to the valley
Movin' us outta coastal Cali
Provin' that the gap between the haves and the have-nots
Got the workin' cla**es steady a**ed out when it come to housing
Gentrified is what we call it
Reverse white flight steady spoilin'
Got these wealthy techies lovin' when we selling weed for they dogs
But little black kids sellin' water get the cops called
Liquor stores and weed when it's us
When it's them is microbreweries and cannabis
Same neighborhood, different people but the quality of life
Is through the roof for certain reasons that they tap dancin' answers to

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

We want freedom and equality, right here where the gangstas ride
And if you can't follow me, all you gotta do is look outside
Where did we go? Where are we at? How did we get here? Can we go back?
Thinkin' 'bout how they burned me - I should've never turned the key

[Verse 2: Paris]

It ain't no black people left in Oakland
It ain't no black people left in San Francisco
I see more black people back in Sacramento
And we all know that none of this is accidental
Ask ya kinfolk about the 80's and 90's
Back when it was all so simple
Quality of life was just as good in the areas they swear changed recently
But really, it's the hood and the hood means black
And if it's black then it's bad, and if it's bad
Then it's cheap and if it's cheap, then we grab
And we hold, then we sell, when we finish

Criminalizing and displacing families for twice the price what the hell, fail
Rebel, question their ent**lement, I been hood
You live in the hood, now it's good? Why is this?
I resist, prices which side with rich whites and give
Light to this fight against my kind and won't silence this

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

We want freedom and equality, right here where the gangstas ride
And if you can't follow me, all you gotta do is look outside (That's right)
Where did we go? Where are we at? How did we get here? Can we go back?
Thinkin' 'bout how they burned me - I should've never turned the key

[Verse 3: Paris]

They vilify my black skin
Just enough for demonizing fraternizing black men
Just enough for chastising black kids
Police pull up and turn the block to target practice, plus the fact is
Eastern Contra Costa county and Castro Valley
Harbor Klu Klux Klansmen, add this with black families
Looking for a better life and what you get is
Resistance from pre-established pro-right old whites
So they make up harm to take up arms
And take what's ours, imaginary adversaries
Claimin' that my race does harm, but they come hard
For burdens they create then insist I have to carry, irony
So I plot to take back plots of real estate
Give back spots and make fat knots and educate
Give blacks props, and set up shops and get us straight
Give them devils somethin' to really hate, ha

› Baby Man Hands

[Verse 1: Paris]

Born and raised where the faces are pasty
In a place where your race is the best cheek
 Got his first taste believin' it greatly
But was laced out the gate with the best lead
Daddy Fred, put hella millions on his head start
 After getting pinched at a klan march
 Just the average, pro white, simpleton
 F**kboy birthright made out of privilege
 Baby man hand b*t*h
 Baby man hands with the graft
Baby man hands with the ban on the muslim
 Baby man hands takin' parents from kids
Come again, come again, come again (What?)
Banged on the dems and republicans (What?)
 Blame it on the TV president (Huh..)
Fame got the little man lustin' for some...
 Make America great
 But when was America great?
 When was America safe?
Especially if your face is a different shade
 Man f**k what they sayin', look

[Hook]

Baby man hands, baby man hands
Baby man hands, baby man hands
Baby man hands, baby man hands
Baby man hands, baby man ha-

[Verse 2: Paris]

How that coal workin' out for ya
How that farmin' you know workin' out for ya
How them terrorists feel makin' real terrorist
Blue eyed school shootin' white boys havin' fits
 More government bailouts
For the people who say get the hell out
For the people who claim they've had it
But meet the new welfare queen heroin addicts
 Skin thin as a motherf**ker
Still horny for Stormy but can't cuff her
 Still cuffed by Vladimir that is clear

Still got eyes for his daughter but can't f**k her (Eeeeeewwww!!!!)

Call Trump University

Cause this fake sh*t brings out the worst in me

Fake news, fake views, fake telecasts

Fed to the fake by the fake full of fake facts

F**k y'all with Kellyanne's d**k

And start picking truth over fake sh*t

Start realizing you made this dimwit, racist, rapist, president

Come again with a true story

Grab 'em by the pu**y and go for it

Grab 'em by the Fox News cast w****

Do what you want, there will be no arrest warrant

Cause he here for the take

With hotels, vodka and steaks

Suckin' off the EPA

While the whole planet get fried

Realize that it's fine people on both sides

And I'm fresh out of tears

Fresh out of f**ks I could give

Fresh out of love long as police shootin' at kids

Fresh out, get the f**k out of here, baby man hands

[Hook]

Baby man hands, baby man hands (Uh huh)

Baby man hands, baby man hands (Okay)

Baby man hands, baby man hands (That's right)

Baby man hands, baby man hands (Uh huh)

Baby man hands, baby man hands (There he go)

Baby man hands, baby man hands (Wipe his nose)

Baby man hands, baby man hands (Ha ha)

Baby man hands, baby man hands

[Verse 3: Paris]

One little, two little, three little L's

Tell us his mental capacity failed

Tell us he's mental and gone off the rails

Maybe you'll call Kavanaugh for some help

Bone spurs, deferred

Still talks tough but ain't served

Still struck a nerve when the word got out about crowd size

So he brought up Hillary and Barack's lies

Can't f**k with the DUMB

We stuck with the DUMB

No luck with the DUMB
Can't understand why they still can't get a raise
Hard knock life when the stock price still raised
But America's great
For some it ain't up for debate
And some eat lobster and steak
And some just pray
And some can't wait for the change

› Walk Like a Panther

[Verse 1: Paris]

Prepping weapons scoutin' places matching faces and locations
Scope in place, lyin' in wait, pre-election state debate
9 in place, fire away, politicians die today
We uprising our kind today, retiring life that's blind to pain, I
Say f**k that demonstratin', let's mob and run up on 'em
No time for contemplatin', payback with chrome and dome 'em
And set an example for this generation to sample
'Cause these old n***as is trash and new n***as ain't really substantial as this
San Francisco legendary mumble rappers hella scary
Rapping about the trap but trapped inside a system built to bury
Blacks in prison, drug addiction and the military
Selective services furnishin' turf obituaries
N***as get to gettin' scary about this revolutionary
Unaware I'm stayin' prepared, no hopes and prayers or open carry
White supremacists trying to prepare for Trump's impeachment with an attack
Guerrillas is strapped and drillin' 'em back it's the revenge of militant blacks, like that

[Hook]

F**k your views, f**k your likes, walk like a panther
F**k your shoes, f**k your ice, walk like a panther
F**k your show, f**k your flow, talk like a panther
When hard truth is callin' you, stand up and answer
F**k your views, f**k your likes, walk like a panther
F**k your shoes, f**k your ice, walk like a panther
F**k your show, f**k your flow, talk like a panther
When hard truth is callin' you, stand up and answer

[Verse 2: Paris]

Still mannish with my plans to raise the nation with my plans up
Understand we need to stand up educate and take they land up
Get your bread right, get your head right, no back stabbin', no infightin'
No trash rap, and no hashtags, just hard spit with brick slaps back, and I'm
Still quick to blap at sh*t, quick to slap a b*t*h rapper
Acting savage but average with actual damage did
Black panthers back and n***as panic when they see me
'Cause this OG ain't PG, and these police, they she she, look
B*t*h devil-a**, scared to see a rebel-a**
Mobilize my folks to come together- a**, on another level a**
Freedom fighter, n***as still struggling on the street igniter
To think wider and reach higher

Yeah it's P-Dog, I make this .44 revolve
In front of the White House it's lights out, I snatch they sheets off
Peace to all, activists that's active in this madness, let's get free y'all
They want us thinkin' we lost, but we strong don't sleep y'all, I'm sayin'

[Hook]

F**k your views, f**k your likes, walk like a panther
F**k your shoes, f**k your ice, walk like a panther
F**k your show, f**k your flow, talk like a panther
When hard truth is callin' you, stand up and answer
F**k your views, f**k your likes, walk like a panther
F**k your shoes, f**k your ice, walk like a panther
F**k your show, f**k your flow, talk like a panther
When hard truth is callin' you, stand up and answer

» Somethin' 'Bout the West Coast

[Intro]

I once was the problem

Now I am the solution

I don't need no cop to police my neighborhood, when I saw it myself

Together we can take back our streets

That's for the love of the community and for the love of my fellow brothers

Ain't nobody lookin' out for us but us

[Verse 1: Paris]

It's something about the west coast

Hustlas on that let's go resist and represent though

Let the tech blow, ride for oppressed souls

Die for the right to know, liberation of my folks

Holdin' court in the streets, neighborhood respect

Gangland truce music beast

Keep the heat for the ones deservin', only for the ones that hurt us

Only for the ones that try to undermine our people's purpose

Thank you for your service

This hard truth slappin' sh*t is not intended for the nervous

Not intended for the coons or the racists, no safe spaces

Just embrace the hate that them devils gave us

Channel it and handle our opponents

Knowin' how to grow us into soldiers is my only onus

Focused rage translated into action

Nation-building with my comrades is the pa**ion

[Chorus: Ms. Monét]

It's funny what you see

When you're ridin' through the streets reflectin' on all the lessons

You learn on the path to becoming OG

Things really ain't what they used to be

So excuse me as I give a little game for free

[Verse 2: Paris]

Still mobbin', minus pullin' pistol on my people as an option

Taking it back to boulders from the shoulders straight squabbin'

Bringin' back composure with the locstas no dosha

Just focused, no hopelessness over this
Police rollin' on us over some bogus quota sh*t
Banks with the homeowners hustle foreclosure sh*t
Politicians posted like they don't notice the homelessness
You know I got a bone to pick, you know I'm letting them know what's going on with this
Moment in time and space
Collide my rhymes with ba** and it's murder was the case
P-Dog came to lace my loved ones
On how it's hell being black and young, I once was
But now I push this OG status, no beef crackin'
More retreats goin' towards promotin' peace
It's crazy how these woke and enlightened muthaf**kas got all the answers
But ain't got no reputation in these streets, it's deep, see
Now we can funk up in the streets or we can get this money
Pull up on 'em with the heat or we can get this money
Continue livin' like a sheep or we can get this money
Only a mark would think this gettin' money sh*t is funny
A crucial element to empowerment in this country
I ain't tryin to see the homies as monkeys for companies
F**k waiting on some crooked culture vulture dollars
It's about increasin' knowledge and achievin' scholarship
Spread love it's the Bay way, no AK spray
Just payday plays, I stay straight-laced
Informationed up on how to make a buck
These streets said drop a great one so I gave 'em one
With somethin' you can slap bones too
Shoot dice to, recite due Miranda rights if one time slide through
Hard truth you know what it is
Rest In Peace George Floyd, Nia Wilson, free Mumia, f**k the pigs